TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

THE Dominion Iron and Steel Company has won in the highest court of the British Empire, its case against the Dominion Coal Company for breach of contract, and now all that is left to be done is to adjust the damages and pay up. This case, dating back as it does from 1906, and running the gamut of the Canadian courts and thence to the Privy Council, has attracted more attention in Canada, the United States and Great Britain than any other lawsuit in the history of this country. And well it might, for the damages which will ultimately be paid—if the Dominion Iron and Steel Company hold the Coal Company to its bargain—will be simply enormous. Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., counsel for the Steel Company, places the amount at about $17,000,000 to be ultimately paid, while the actual damages up to the first of last May are assessed by the Steel Company at a trifle less than three million dollars. The situation is peculiar. It is generally admitted by those interested in the Steel Company that their corporation must purchase coal at less than the market price in order to operate the steel plant at a profit. This being the case the Dominion Coal Company must necessarily do a vast amount of coal mining at an actual loss; for by the Steel Company's own statement they were obliged in the open market to pay $2.65 per ton for their fuel, whereas their contract with the Coal Company called for coal at $1.24 per ton. The question which interests Canadians is: Can the Dominion Coal Company survive with this terrific financial load upon its shoulders? The Steel Company will, as it expands and grows, require an ever increasing amount of fuel. Can the Coal Company supply this at the expense even of future dividends? "A contract is a contract," is the oft quoted remark of the adherents of the Steel Company. Yes, but when a contract lived up to to the letter may possibly mean the ultimate financial ruin of the other corporation, what then? The holders of Dominion Coal securities are spread broadcast over the land. Must they lose their all in order that the Steel Company survive? However, the Steel Company has at its head a group of broad gauge business men, men who have very largely hewn out their own way and dug out their own fortunes. To men such as these the fairness of the argument, live and let live, must appeal.

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NOT only amongst those who live by the sword, but also amongst people who have a less professional interest in the subject of the militia, there has been much discussion of late regarding the reduction in militia expenditure by the Government. This reduction has fallen almost entirely on the allotment for the annual drill, the amount voted being generally regarded as at least $300,000 short of what is required for this purpose. Hence the discussion, and also the "knocking". There is a general feeling that reduction is unwise in expenditure intended to remove Canadian citizen-soldiers from the awkward squad, and to give them firm organization and *esprit de corps*, without which they are little better than a mere mob. It is apt to occur to the layman that Sir Frederick Borden might more profitably have "marked down" some other branch of his departmental expenditure. Feathers and gold lace, for instance, are of doubtful utility in the event of trouble. But then it is said that some men fight better for a badge than a principle, and Sir Frederick may be following the dictates of some subtle psychology.

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THIS is a valet world, as Carlyle would say. We don't know our heroes when we see them—oh, no, we are too wise and experienced to foolishly accept a hero while he is alive. We see only his faults then. In the case of a Lincoln we note his gaunt limbs, his awkward manners, his entire lack of all the graces. We make him the butt of our clownish humor—only we call it "persiflage." Then some fine day he dies, or is killed. This sets us thinking that perhaps we were a little hasty in our judgment about him. Twenty-five years later we are convinced we were mistaken. Another generation and our grief cries to heaven. We "whoop it up."

Lincoln made a speech at Gettysburg. It wasn't a long speech, nor a pretentious speech, but it was such a speech as men have seldom had the privilege to hear. Edward Everett also made a speech, a speech which was both long and pretentious. Which speech attracted most attention and received most praise? Everett's, of course. The New York Evening Post devoted one and a third columns "solid" to Everett's speech, and observed that "the President, Secretary Seward, and others made brief addresses." And it was the same way all along the line. Everett's speech was "classical" and "a model of refined eloquence" and Lincoln "also spoke."

Now people are trying to make up for it all, for the neglect and contumely and horny-eyed stupidity. They have given the great President a centennial celebration, which has set the world talking. And it is the right and proper thing to do. Better late than never at all. But one cannot help remembering, while the cannon are popping and the flags are flying and the orators are orating, that it is all too late, pitifully behind the time. The great, gaunt body has long since returned to the earth from which it sprang; the big, loving heart has been stilled for nearly half a century; the marvellous mind, so powerful, so direct and simple in its power, has long been at rest. He can never know or share in it all, except in some mystic way of which we have no conception. It is pitiful that the reparation should come so late.

"The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust."

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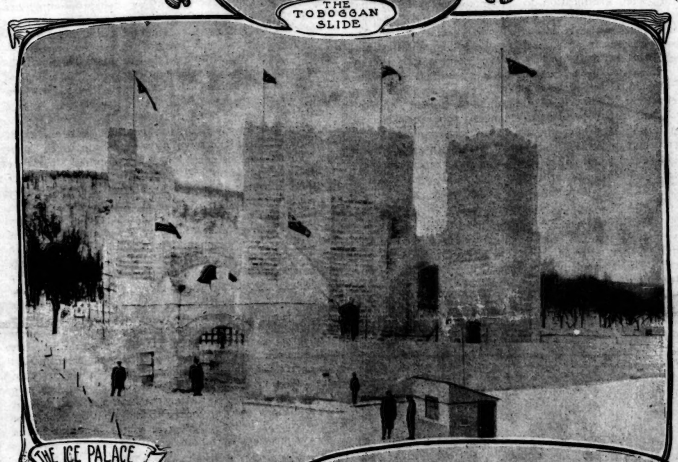
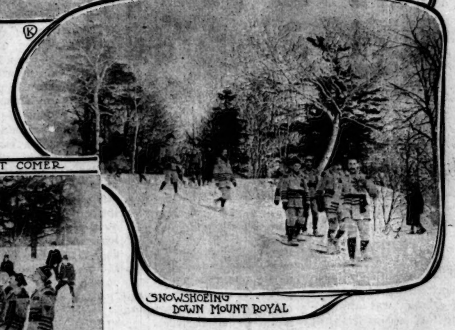
ST. VALENTINE'S Day! The good old custom of sending pretty remembrances to one's sweetheart survives the years; and it is well. They also tell us that the "comic" valentine—that caricature we sent teacher, or better yet to the grouchy, stingy old man whose orchard was next to ours,—has gone out of fashion. This also is well. But what a flood of boyish recollections St. Valentine's Day brings with it! Perchance you, too, once upon a time, attended a public school in a country town. Remember how you ate your heart out over the little girl in the white apron, who sat third from teacher's left. You recollect the long pigtail of brown hair, and the red ribbon which encircled it. And you wonder even now what became of her, and you cannot even remember her name. How you cut capers, threw handsprings and ran races and fought the other fellow,—all for her benefit. Then St. Valentine's Day came along, and you went to the store where 'ma bought things. There they are, all nice lace-paper affairs, with gold, blue, and red hearts in the corners, and a pair of clasped hands, in gold, in the centre. Eight cents! It was a lot of money in those days, but the brown haired girl must have it. Then teacher at noon on St. Valentine's Day placed an old cigar box on her desk, and into this each boy and girl shyly dropped the valentines, all nicely addressed in girlish and boyish hands. The afternoon passed slowly, but the time came at last and teacher emptied the box, and the name of each boy and girl was called in turn and the valentines delivered. Of course Miss Whiteapron got hers; and of course she knew who sent it, for you had carefully written your initials under the lace work. Joy! Your name was called three times. A little beauty from Miss Whiteapron. Another from a girl whom you had never thought of; and so it didn't matter so much if some mean scamp had sent you a comic one showing a man with a big mouth, and some lines underneath about a blowhard.

THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE



THE ICE PALACE



SNOWSHOEING DOWN MOUNT ROYAL

A TOSS-UP FOR THE LATEST COMER

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THE city of Mexico has been afflicted in a manner which Canadian cities may, unfortunately, duplicate at any moment. Two hundred and fifty men, women and children were the other day burned to death in a "picture house." Telegraphic descriptions of the architectural features of the structure go to indicate that its duplicate is to be found many times over in cities and towns throughout this country. The time has arrived when frame buildings, remodeled stores and like structures, with no life-saving apparatus, insufficient exits; in fact, devoid of all precautions necessary by law in an ordinary theatre, and now utilized as "picture houses," be done away with. The moving picture appears to have come to stay, at least until there is a change in the public taste. This being the case, let the authorities see that proper precautions are taken.

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THE "unwritten law," as exemplified in recent criminal trials, too familiar and too disagreeable to require amplification here, has met down in Tennessee a well deserved and timely rebuff. A rich planter was the other day found guilty of murder at Memphis. The murderer's plea was the "unwritten law," the brute endeavoring to save his neck at the expense of his daughter's honor. Searching investigation proved the defense to be a fabric of lies, and the jury found the beast guilty. The girl stood for a time between duty to her parent and her own good name, but when in cross-examination she was finally forced to the wall, declared herself innocent of the mesh of intrigue forced upon her by her unnatural parent.

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WHAT are we going to do about it? This is the question that Canadians must ask themselves now in regard to the forestry problem, which has been again brought to public notice by the recent convention in this city, of the Canadian Forestry Association. There has been talk enough and to spare, and the demand now is for action. At the same time, however, on the principle that a thing is never sufficiently discussed which is never sufficiently learned, it might be well to go over briefly some of the main features of the Canadian forestry situation.

In the first place, how much timber is there in the Dominion? Time was when the answer to this question would have been a magnificent gesture and the old catchword, "Inexhaustible, sir, inexhaustible!" That time has passed. Even optimistic estimates now place the timber area at three hundred thousand acres instead of the billion and a half formerly quoted; and thirty years are now mentioned as the probable duration of the supply instead of the beautifully indefinite "ages!" Considering the damages annually wrought by fire and the axe of the vandal, this is not a cheerful prospect.

What does this wood mean to Canada? One is tempted to answer, everything. There is perhaps no country in the world to which its timber resources mean so much, both for present and for future prosperity. Even now almost half a million people are directly dependent on the forest for their livelihood, while practically all the rest of the country is more or less affected by it indirectly. The destruction of the timber means the ruin of waterpowers, the washing of soil from the uplands, the production of great barren lands, and finally such a condition of affairs as exists to-day in China, the country of no trees, where drought and flood, starvation and death hold high and horrible carnival. The only difference is, that in Canada the process of devolution would be much more rapid. In Eastern Canada there are millions of acres of land which is fit for nothing but forestry. It can raise no crop but trees. The only thing, therefore, is to handle the trees just as other crops would be handled, with care and foresight, having an eye to the future as well as to the need of the day. In this way, and this way only, can anything like an adequate result be obtained.

There are some obvious things to be done for the preservation of our forests, and it is the great merit of the Canadian Forestry Association that it has iterated and reiterated these things, in the hope that they will finally soak into the brains of the people. One thing to be done, is to find out just how much commercially valuable timber the country possesses. This will take away from timber estimators the pleasure which attaches to the working out of puzzles and conundrums; but the same exact knowledge has its compensations. Another obvious thing is to provide proper fire protection, and also some means of restricting the operations of vandal woodmen and settlers, who have done so much damage, especially in the province of Quebec. One means of effecting this last is the putting in forest reserves of all land not suitable for agriculture and all land at the headwaters of streams, as has been recommended by the Forestry Association. Something should also be done to encourage the manufacture in Canada of Canadian wood products, of which pulp and paper are the most important. Various means, such as an export duty on pulpwood or even absolute prohibition of exportation, have been recommended, and have found enthusiastic advocates and opponents. On this subject, in the words of Sir Roger de Coverley, "there is much to be said on both sides." But there can only be one opinion as to the necessity of doing something or other in order that Canadian resources can be exploited for the benefit of Canadians, and not for the enrichment of another country and of people who are and must remain aliens.

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COMMANDER SPAIN of the Marine Department will, of course, lose his head as a result of the investigation conducted by Mr. Justice Cassels and his colleagues. It is the price paid for being found out. However, Commander Spain is by no means the greatest culprit of them all, for he was only following along upon a system grown grey with age in this Canada of ours. Spain, attractive in appearance, and instinctively a gentleman, has behind him a gallant record in the Royal Navy. For twelve years he served Britain upon the seas, and upon occasions wears the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's bronze star. But, alas, the corrupt influences of the Canadian Marine Department were too much for him. It always has been hard to see the other fellow getting his and not get yours at the same time.

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THIS is a year of great centenaries, and a few days ago occurred that of Charles Darwin, the famous naturalist, who ranks high even in the list containing the names of Lincoln, Tennyson and Poe. For scientists the world over this is the most interesting centenary of all, and they have shown their appreciation of the great Englishman's services by unveiling busts of him and dedicating memorials in all the great scientific institutions. For the layman the occasion should be a most interesting one, too, though perhaps for slightly different reasons. To the scientific student Darwin is one of the great leaders in his chosen profession, a blazer of the trail; and he will think of him more as a scientist than as a man. But to the ordinary person, who is merely aware in a general way of Darwin's great services, the personal side of the man has a stronger and closer appeal. He will prefer to think of the famous naturalist, not as the formulator of the theory which bears his name, but as the genial, ruddy-faced, silent man, who never allowed his pre-eminence in his profession to affect the kindly modesty of his manner, and whom no attacks could make bitter or arouse to hasty utterance. He was a very great and good man, an humble and devoted servant to Truth, and one whom she herself led by the hand into new and boundless fields. It is in many ways fitting that the centenary of this man who did so much to free men from the shackles of error, should fall on the same day as that of the other greatly simple and courageous man, who freed millions from the chains of a more material slavery.

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CANADIAN resources for Canadian development, was the key-note of a speech recently made in the House of Commons by Mr C. A. Magrath, of Medicine Hat, Alberta, during the debate on the Ontario and Michigan Power Company Bill. Without at all going into the merits of the proposed measure, which has been sent to a standing committee for investigation, it is worth while calling attention to the principle enunciated by Mr. Magrath, not on account of its novelty but because of its importance. People are apt to forget the possible needs of the future, when they are invited to give of their present superabundance for the supply of a neighboring country. This is, of course, a wise business move, so long as the interests of the Dominion which is to be are not imperilled. But as Mr. Magrath pointed out, it is unwise to send power abroad to develop another country before we know whether or not we have enough for our own purposes for all times. And it is not selfishness but prudence which sees to it that vested interests will have no grounds to object, when Canadians wish to use Canadian power for Canadian purposes of development.

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THE Canadian Government has, it appears, come to the conclusion that no amount of education and training will remake the Red Man. The problem is as old as the country, and is apparently as far from solution as it was on the day Jacques Cartier landed at Quebec. The Indian is an Indian; ever was and ever will be. Educate him, coop him up in a modern dwelling, and he either dies of tuberculosis or incorporates into his system all the evils of the white man and few of the virtues. From Carlisle University the United States Government has turned out some finely educated men, but few of them have in the walks of the White Man attained any eminence. On the other hand many have turned their backs upon Carlisle and the east, entering again the old, free, irresponsible life of the western plains. According to the Hon. Frank Oliver the experiences of the Canadian Government in its twenty years of endeavor have been much the same. A few of the Canadian Indians take kindly to stock raising and a precious few to farming. The factory and the workshop he avoids as the white man does a dread disease. But who after all can blame the Indian? The Anglo-Saxon with hundreds of years of civilization back of him feels, be he sturdy and self reliant, the call of the Red Man's life.

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"THE Grits and the Tories have their exponents either on the platform or in the Press, while the Socialists, a large body in Canada, do not lack representation . . Scattered among all the parties and without any leader or journalistic advocate are tens of thousands of Annexationists." So runs a letter from a gentleman in Bancroft, Ontario to the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT. This gentle-

Winter Sports in Montreal

man, who once before has been heard in these columns, fears that his letter will not see the light of day. But why not? A man who is evidently honest in his convictions and open and straightforward in his arguments is at least entitled to a hearing. Among other arguments favoring annexation he points out the large expense entailed in patrolling the three thousand miles of border between the two countries, thus preventing the citizens of both Canada and the United States from selling and buying to the best advantage. "The peaceful annexation," he says, "of Canada and the United States would set the seal on the moral alliance of the English speaking peoples," and thus he thinks the German war fetish would forever disappear beyond the horizon, and the peace of the world be assured. Casting aside for a moment all question of patriotism, has our correspondent thought of what business calamities would follow to the manufacturing and other industries of Canada if brought, in their comparative infancy, in direct competition with the vast concerns of the United States? Canada has gone too far toward working out its own destinies to back down now. Manufacturing industries alone have cost private capitalists hundreds of millions, and the Government of the country many millions, and now intercourse between the different sections of a great nation such as the United States, has, as our correspondent implies, worked wonders for that country. But Canada is growing and will grow. Within the span of a life time other men from other countries will be talking of Canada as we talk of the United States to-day. They will see before them the vast Provinces, perchance cut into smaller Provinces as needs be; they will see a great trade between different sections, as well as a vast trade with those abroad, and they will marvel that it was all done in so few years.

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ONCE more Ontario newspaper men are appealing to the law makers for changes in the libel laws. That the present laws are in many instances actual hardships there can be no question of doubt. The most important point to the newspapers generally is the financial irresponsibility of the average plaintiff. Mr. S. Stephenson, of Chatham, pointed out to Hon. Mr. Foy, the Attorney General, that in the space of five years libel actions had cost him over $5,000, and in the same interval he had had but one verdict against him, and that for the sum of $25. It is not the big man that the Canadian newspaper has to fear in libel actions, but the small, irresponsible cuss who thinks perchance he may be able to get a month's living out of an ofttimes stupid blunder committed in the hurry and bustle of gathering in the news of the day.

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TORONTO is by no means the only Canadian centre that has its saloon problem. Just at present the Anglican clergy of Montreal are turning on the searchlight, and among other things, it is charged that resorts with bad reputations are having their licenses renewed through political pull. One member of the Montreal Diocesan Synod wished to close the saloons at seven o'clock each week day, but the motion found no support, as the majority of members very rightly argued that an earnest endeavor to have the present laws enforced would be more to the point. Besides, the French-speaking majority of the province of Quebec would never for an instant seriously consider so radical a change, and it would mean political death and burial to any legislative member to propose it.

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IN the factory towns of New England there are thousands of French-Canadians living the life of sordid and almost unrelieved toil which falls to the lot of the lower classes of factory workers. Herded together in "French quarters," they are classed by the contemptuous Yankee with the "dagoes" and "guineys" and "bohunks" of older lands. In Canada there are millions of acres of ground and thriving industries waiting for the work of these men's hands, in order that they and the country might increase and prosper. The only thing is to bring them together. Instead of spending so much in enticing from Europe immigrants of no value to anyone in the world but the Dominion Statistician, it might be well to do something to stop the steady exodus southward from the province of Quebec, and also to bring back to Canada and her service some of those who have already deserted from her ranks.

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A CANADIAN, Louis Lacoste by name, and son of Sir Alexander Lacoste, of Montreal, has invented a ship's brake designed to stop a swift moving vessel in the shortest possible time. The contrivance can best be described as an inverted wing which, when released from the ship's side, spread out at right angles with the vessel itself, thus presenting a broad flat surface to the water. Naturally the pressure exerted upon the ship's sides by this arrangement will be enormous, and for this reason the invention has met with some criticism from practical shipping men. The fact, however, that the United States Government has loaned their fine battleship Indiana for a test, to take place on the Delaware river in March, would indicate that either the naval men across the border have some faith in the invention, or else Mr. Lacoste has some powerful friends at court.

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PATRIOTISM is a good thing, one of the finest things in the world. But there are all kinds of patriotism, and there is one kind which deserves toleration neither from gods nor men. And that is the patriotism which in a strange land insists on shouting from the house-tops its nationality and the glories of its own country. This kind of patriotism also makes a point of running up its own flag on occasions when it is likely to be offensive to others; and it always does so in the manner best calculated to hurt their prejudices. This is what was done in New York the other day on the occasion of the Lincoln celebration by an Englishman, who belongs to this tribe of intolerable idiots. Not satisfied with flying the Union Jack—a grand old flag, but rather out of place just then—he had the tact and good sense to put Old Glory beneath it. This naturally caused a row, as people are apt to be sensitive about these little things, and the result was that the police had to interfere. If this were the only instance of the kind it would hardly deserve notice. But occurrences of this nature are very common, and this form of idiocy is not at all monopolized by Englishmen. Even our shrewd Yankee cousins have been known to fall into the same error and also have been made to see it. The great trouble is that this form of paranoia is so very hard to deal with. A judicious ducking in a horse-trough would occur to one as a good measure of reform, but this only gives the misguided patriot an opportunity to consider himself a martyr for his country. Ridicule is perhaps the best weapon, but then on occasions of the kind people are not at all inclined to laugh. They seldom see the joke.

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POLICEMEN, for all their brass buttons and their air of authority, are still human. And being human, they naturally want all they can possibly get. They have asked for better uniforms, they have demanded more pay, they have put in pleas for shorter hours. They have even been known to ask for more authority so that they could do more work. But it remained for a deputation of local policemen to set the highwater mark in the requests of minions of the law, when they called on the ministerial associations of the city recenty and asked that pressure should be brought to bear on the Police Board so as to enable them to attend divine service on Sundays. This is probably the first time in the records of constabulary that such a request has been made; and it should certainly afford keen gratification to Torontonians to know that their "cops" are inspired by such godly desires. It gives one a pleasant sense of security to know that they are good churchmen who tramp the beats and bid the midnight roisterer halt. There is even some satisfaction in being arrested by a pillar of the law who is also a pillar of the church. The only possible cause for anxiety in this matter is the reflection that the "yeggman" and the "hold-up" artist—who are seldom in good ecclesiastical standing—might have the bad taste and impiety to perform their nefarious deeds just at the time when the sturdy champions of law and order were lifting up their voices in praise or absorbing the accents of spiritual truth.

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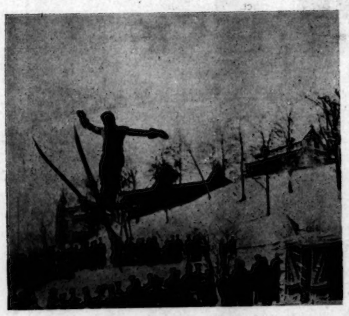
OLD Sir Donald, the last living remnant of the once vast North American bison herds, will shortly be put to death, stuffed, and mounted and exhibited to the coming generations as the last wild buffalo to walk the earth. This old bull was captured back in 1872 from one of the then fast thinning aboriginal herds, and has since that time been kept within bounds. Probably old Sir Donald was next to his god-father, Lord Strathcona, about the best known "personage" in the Northwest.



Ski Jumping for a Record at Montreal Carnival.

Bon Voyage.

By PETER O'DEE

Now the good old ship and staunch
Finds a new hand at the helm,
Bid Godspeed!
For those who sail in ships
Out to where the sunset dips,
Meet fierce seas that overwhelm
In a watery avalanche.
Bid Godspeed!

Though the ship is true and tried,
And the captain's eye is keen,
Wish them well!
She is new to him, and he
Perhaps has sailed a different sea,
Where the stars have other sheen,
And through other winds they ride.
Wish them well!

Wish him strength to bear the stress,
And an eye to pierce the dark,
Bon voyage!
Wish him luck and favoring breeze,
Wish him sunlit summer seas,
So that he may bring his bark
To the Port of All Success.
Bon voyage!

A Lincoln Story.

A DISTINGUISHED citizen of Ohio had an appointment with President Lincoln one evening at six o'clock. As he entered the vestibule of the White House his attention was attracted by a poorly clad young woman who was sobbing violently. He asked her the cause of her distress.

She said she had been ordered away by the servants after vainly trying many hours to see the president about her brother, who had been condemned to death. She said that she and her brother were foreigners and orphans. They had been in the country only a few years. Her brother enlisted in the army, but, through bad influences, was induced to desert. He was captured, tried, and sentenced to be shot.

The Ohio man's feelings were touched. He said he would do what he could to get the girl an interview with the president. He told her to follow him up stairs, and as soon as the door was opened to push in and go up to him with her petition.

The girl followed instructions to the letter. Mr. Lincoln was at first somewhat surprised at the conduct of the young woman, and asked her to retire from the room. She burst into tears and sank trembling on her knees, begging the president to look at her papers. He looked at the girl for a moment, then, taking the papers, glanced over them while she sobbed out her story.

"My poor girl," said the president, "you have come here with no governor, no senator or member of congress to plead your cause; you seem honest and truthful, and you don't wear hoops, and I'll be hooped if I don't pardon your brother."

Opinions of British Cabinet Members.

A WRITER in The Fortnightly Review makes some very interesting personal references to the members of the British Government. He says:

"Their faults spring from over-weening, self-confidence, vitality, and recklessness.

"Mr. Asquith has filled the stage at Westminster in something of the old Gladstonian manner. His voice and manner are most persuasive. He is the leader of his party and not its follower. He has enormously increased his reputation as a Parliamentarian."

"Sir Edward Grey never speaks unless absolutely compelled; Mr. Haldane is always ready to fill a column on the shortest notice. He is the most alert man in the Cabinet. How he gets through his work is a marvel to ordinary mortals."

As to Mr. Lloyd-George: "There are several Lloyd-Georges in the short stature of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. As a Minister in the House Mr. L.-G. assumes his most taking manner and wears an engaging smile. Mr. Churchill shares all the arts of the demagogue with Mr. Lloyd-George, and has advantages of social status denied to his present partner and future rival. z

"Mr. John Burns remains what he was,

"An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without and a warm heart within."

Of Mr. Augustine Birrell he says: "The iron has entered his soul and begun to fester. He is losing his old suavity; there is a harsher note in his voice; he sits on the Treasury Bench as though crouching for a spring."

The Morning Tub.

A GREATLY daring medical man, Dr. Clarke, has just written a book in which he attacks a sound old British institution, "the morning tub." He declares that the passion for cleanliness may be carried too far. People who act on the notion that there is nothing like lather, and who soap themselves all over, are unwise, according to the views of this unsettling doctor. Well (writes Henry Ryerson, in an American paper), I honor Dr. Clarke for having spoken out on this subject, for your bathing enthusiast is often a troublesome fellow, and is horribly given over to self-righteousness. As a rule, he is also addicted to early rising, a practice which is accountable for much unhappiness.

It is a mistake to suppose that bathing necessarily means being immersed in water, for a thoughtful writer has pointed out that "many other substances, liquid, solid, or gaseous, may be substituted for water." Some people prefer mud, while others try seaweed. I have heard of baths of milk and of wine.

There are other enthusiasts who declare that the best way of bathing is to stroll about entirely unclothed in the sunshine. I have never tried it, as such proceedings are sure to provoke remark from conventional people, and it is not easy in a crowded place like a great city to enjoy yourself in the open air and in the sunshine without being observed. Some of the sun bathers are not absolute in the faith, for while they advocate the complete removal of all clothing, they recommend the use of a parasol or sunshade. Well, of course, this is a free country.

I rejoice to observe that this good and wise man, Dr. Clarke, condemns excessive as well as too much bathing. There are pestilential people who think that they ought always to be up and doing, and they want to force all others into activity also. They climb mountains, they play violent games, they cannot sit still.

What true wisdom there is in that remark made by dear old Pascal, "Most of the mischief there is in the world would never happen if men would only sit still in their own parlors." Great criminals are, as a rule, early risers, active, restless fellows, always anxious to be up and doing something—or somebody. I rejoice to know that when they cannot do anything else they frequently do time.

After all, I will back the rest cure against most of the much-advertised schemes of physical training. By far the most useful, or at any rate the least harmful part of a man's life is that which is spent in sleep. Dr. Clarke tells us that people who are always hurrying about and bragging that they never feel tired will be tired and worn out far sooner than lazy people. I hope he is right. I believe there is a virtue in laziness, and I always suspect the fellow who tells you that he likes work.

I have already said that the bothersome fellow who is devoted to the alleged pleasures of a cold bath in the morning is also, as a rule, an early riser. What a nuisance he is in a house! You can hear him bounce out of bed at an unearthly hour, which is really the middle of the night. He prances about, he whistles and sings; but these are but mock heroic displays. He knows he is making a fool of himself, and he wishes to give the impression that he is happy. Let the reader look at dear Charles Lamb's essay on the popular fallacy that we should rise with the lark, and there he will find true wisdom. The early riser may put on airs of assumed gaiety in the morning; but as a rule he is a grumpy, morose creature long before the day is over. . . . Let it not be supposed that either Dr. Clarke or I would do away with bathing altogether, or that I advocate people lying in bed the clock 'round. We do not. A rational bath, neither hot nor cold, once a day, is good, and I think that a man should begin to think about getting up about eight, and he ought to get downstairs by nine.

A correspondent of The New York Sun contributes an interesting narrative to the fund of anecdotal memories of Lincoln. It concerns the writing of the famous Gettysburg address, and was told to The Sun's correspondent by John P. Usher, U. S. Secretary of the Interior from 1863 to 1865. Judge Usher went to the White House to join Lincoln and his party as they were leaving for Gettysburg. Mr. Lincoln took from his desk a roll of manuscript and several bristol board cards and put them in his pocket. On the way to the station he stopped at a photographer's, where he had been importuned to sit for a picture. That photograph shows the roll of manuscript in his pocket, and it was the copy of the address which Everett was to deliver at Gettysburg. At this point, in telling the story, Mr. Usher delighted to take a fling at the "culture" of the Eastern orator. While on the train Lincoln, amid frequent interruptions, drew out the bristol board cards and on them wrote in pencil the substance of the famous Gettysburg speech. This characteristic tale seems worth preserving.

Mr. Balfour is frequently the victim of absent-mindedness. Once, says M. A. P., in a speech he referred to the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Sir Henry Bannerman, Sir Charles Bannerman, and Mr. Bannerman. Only a short time ago he spoke of Lord Northampton as Sir Henry Fowler and Sir William Fowler. There was another entertaining instance some time back at a Primrose League demonstration at the Albert Hall. "Where do I sit?" asked Mr. Balfour, with a bland note of inquiry. A surprised official pointed to the chair. Mr. Balfour, seemingly, had totally forgotten that he was to preside over the meeting.

Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, youngest son of one great novelist and godson of another, has lost his seat in the Parliament of New South Wales through the discovery of rich silver mines at Broken Hills, a thousand miles northwest of Sydney. The newcomers, miners, elected a labor candidate.

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SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and marked "Tender for Boundary Monuments," will be received at the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, up to noon of March 6th, 1909, for the supply of 100 cast iron monuments for use in marking the International boundary.

Specifications may be seen at the office of the Chief Astronomer, Dominion Observatory, or will be furnished on application to him, or to the Secretary of the Department.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque equal to 10 p. c. of the whole amount of the tender, which cheque will be forfeited if the successful tenderer declines to deliver the monuments at the tender prices.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 9th February, 1909.

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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, FEB. 17.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enormous supplies of coal which we read of every now and again as being mined at the Dominion Coal mines, James Ross and the directors of the Coal Co., acting in that capacity, must have felt the shivers playing tag up and down their spines that black Thursday when the news came in over the wires from London. There are certainly blows from the East which bite to the bone no matter how great one's stocks of coal may be. However, as the old proverb saith: "'Tis an ill wind which blows nobody good," or words to that effect. The nobody, in this instance, was President Plummer and his Knights of the Round Table, and a few thousand hangers-on of the stock market who were disinclined to take the predictions of President Ross too seriously and accordingly had taken aboard as large a cargo of Steel stock as their means would permit. Brokers' commissions multiplied all day long on the Stock Exchange quicker than guinea pigs, and the whole city turned out at night to watch the pyrotechnic display on Mount Royal. Incidentally, the carnival may have had something to do with the latter, but that is a moot point which it is unnecessary to discuss. At any rate, the carnival had nothing to do with the square meal, with trimmings and mineral water, which, according to report, President Plummer tendered to himself and his chief warriors at the Mount Royal Club at night. All of which goes to show how heartless this world is—while one-half is feasting and rejoicing, the other is fasting, and, it may be, repenting. Where, let us leave them.

⁂

A Grand Fight.

It certainly has been a grand fight. Looking back now it almost seems as though the whole thing started in a bluff. However, if it was a bluff, it was a most costly one. How costly, no one may yet say. That the decision should be of enormous value to the Steel Co., is beyond peradventure; but until the final settlement takes place, estimates of this value must range millions apart. James Ross, for the third time, has been unhorsed. But he is a courageous and resourceful opponent, and if he can scramble to his feet and gain his way into the saddle of his noble steed before Sir Plummer cleaves through his helm, he may yet best the latter worthy, for Sir James has the coin, and great is the power thereof. Once before, when the hosts were drawn up in battle array, he suddenly hollered something like, "Back to the mines, there'll be no fight tonight." He held the stock, and that was all there was to it. He didn't like the way the Steel directors were running his company. Here they were wasting their time and the company's good money in an unjust fight with the Dominion Coal Co., and he was going to discharge them all at the annual meeting and appoint people who would have more regard for his and his brother shareholder's interests. And he would have done it, too, had it not been for a technicality—an oversight. This technicality was a hole—a second hole. That is, there were two holes to the burrow, a not unusual circumstance, as any farmer's boy who hunts groundhogs knows. However, it was a costly oversight for James Ross. In reply, President Plummer simply postponed the annual meeting, as the law gave him the right to do, until it was too late for the Ross interests to prevent the fight going before the courts.

⁂

Stock Manipulations.

It is not likely that President Ross will overlook any little matter of this nature again. It is said that the Coal crowd have been the sellers of Steel in the tremendous activity following the announcement. The reason given for this supposition, was that the market for common did not advance sufficiently in the trading. Now, of course, the Coal crowd *may* have been sellers; but, on its merits, why should Steel common be even as high as it is? The preferred stock is selling in the nineties which, considering that the accumulated dividends now amount to over $42 per share, means that buyers are only paying around $50 for the stock. When the preferred stock is not even paying a dividend, why should the common be spoken of as "low," at $25? That it is as high as it is, would only seem to be because of its voting power. At the moment, its voting power should be of considerable value to the Coal people. They ought to be able to amalgamate on very good terms to themselves, if they held enough Steel stock. So that, to an outside critic, it looks quite as much as if the Coal people are buying, as that they are selling. Certainly, someone seems gluttonous enough over that Steel common stock. Anyone with sufficient money to take such large chunks of it cannot be fool enough to want it for immediate dividend returns, unless he got his money by one of those fortuitous occurrences which make rich men out of poor fools, without adding noticeably to their brain capacity. So, President Ross may be heard from at a later stage of the game. Meantime, Steel triumphs.

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Pap-fed Concerns.

Apropos of this Steel Co.: What is eventually to be done with these "pap-fed" concerns, now that they're on their feet? This country paid them, in bonuses alone, in the fiscal year ending March 31 last, no less than one million, two hundred and twenty-eight thousand, nine hundred and fifteen dollars and thirty-nine cents. The sum of $1,228,915.39 would maintain in absolute idleness no less than 1,228 men, allowing to each $1,000 per year, and leave us the odd hundreds and the cents for the church collection. Figures talk. So where's the advantage? If the railways and other industrial interests of this country now consuming their products were not compelled by the tariff to pay more than they would have to pay abroad, they could build cheaper and use more of these products, and thus add to the industry of the country. Notwithstanding all this, the company is able to export its products in competition with other countries, and President Plummer says they made a profit, and that the company is going to be a world factor.

⁂

TORONTO, Feb. 18.

THE speculation in Dominion Steel and Coal Securities capped everything else on the domestic stock exchanges the past week. The movements were particularly fast, and the re-adjustment of prices would signify big profits on the one hand and immense losses on the other. To the insiders in both companies, the judicial decision of the Privy Council was no great surprise, and it is said that a great deal of hedging in the stocks was resorted to by speculators close to the management. The market losses on one issue were to a great extent made up by the profits accruing from the substantial appreciation of the Steel stocks. There is no doubt, however, about some large losses falling on the outside speculators through the depreciation in the price of Dominion Coal Still, the sales of this security were small as compared with its sister stock. The recent strength of Coal is to many, surprising. This is owing presumably, to a large short interest in the stock. It was sold rather freely the day following the judgment, around prices at which insiders were willing to buy, and consequently the shorts have become nervous. The advance in Steel is probably due, in a great measure, to inside interests, who want to create a good market for new securities of the company, which will come on the market later. The settlement of the differences between the two companies will be no easy task. The responsibility of determining what is the amount of the damages will fall to the lot of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. It would take an impartial expert to make an approximate guess at the amount of money which the Coal Company will finally be condemned to pay, and it would take a pretty shrewd financier to guess what the actual value of the judgment will turn out for the Steel Company. The Court holds that the Steel Company is entitled to damages for the loss sustained through short delivery of coal up to the date of the repudiation of the contract, Oct. 31, 1906, and also to damages for the value of the contract during its lifetime. While admitting that the question of responsibility is complicated by the question of the extent to which the Coal Company could obtain coal of the stipulated quality by the reasonably proper working of its mines, it is pointed out that the Coal Company itself has proved by subsequent deliveries that it had the coal called for by the contract. The Court holds that the plaintiffs are entitled, through the defendant's repudiation to regard the contract as at an end, and to recover damages accordingly.

⁂

The Control of Steel.—The directors of the Coal Company got together on Tuesday, and agreed to make two offers to the Steel Company. The first proposition offers to carry out the contract in its entirety, both as to quantity and time, at the old rate. The second proposition offers to enter into a new contract, also at the old rate, the quantities and term of years being left to the option of the Steel Company's directors.

⁂

Rio's New Stock.

It is announced that the board of directors of the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company, Limited, have decided to convene a special meeting of stockholders for the purpose of increasing the capital stock of the company. Immediately after the additional capital has been created, 62,500 shares of $100 each of the increased capital will be offered at par to the existing shareholders, who will have the right to take up one new share for every four which they hold. The whole of the shares to be offered have been underwritten by a syndicate at par, who will take up all shares not subscribed for by the existing shareholders. The present common stock issue is $25,000,000, and the new flotation will increase this by $6,250,000. The price of Rio stock re-acted some on this announcement. The highest price on record was 103¼ towards the end of last week.

⁂

Earnings Were Good.

The Mackay Companies statement, which was given out at the annual meeting on Monday, was a most satisfactory document from the view point of the shareholder. It has stimulated confidence in the properties, and although the buying as yet has not been very pronounced, both the common and preferred shares are higher. The report states that the Mackay Companies still own the whole or part of the capital stock of one hundred and two prosperous cable, telegraph, and telephone companies in the United States, Canada and Europe, including the entire capital stock of the Commercial Cable Company and the various companies constituting the land-line system known as the Postal Telegraph. The outstanding preferred shares ($50,000,000) have not been increased during the past two years, and the outstanding common shares ($41,380,400) have not been increased during the past four years. Dividends have been regularly paid on the preferred shares since April, 1904, at the rate of four per cent. per annum, payable quarterly, and on the common shares since January, 1905, such dividends having been increased to four per cent. per annum, payable quarterly, commencing July, 1906. The Mackay Companies have no debts. The financial results of the year serve to demonstrate the soundness of the plan on which the Mackay Companies is formed, namely, so wide a distribution of its interests as to minimize the effect of any decrease in profits from one particular source. The Mackay Companies have two Canadian representatives on the Board of Trustees, viz.: Mr. R. A. Smith, of Osler & Hammond, Toronto, and Mr. H. V. Meredith, of the Bank of Montreal, Montreal.

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Model Neglige Shirt for Spring and Summer, 1909

THE above illustration is from one of the wide-spaced designs which forms a conspicuous part of the present season's stock. Other patterns include two-tone effects in imported Madras, Russian Corded Zephyrs and other very wearable novelties.

We especially ask those who intend favoring us with their orders for shirts for the coming spring and summer to do so at their early convenience to secure a good selection of designs and early delivery.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-west

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties—(1) At least six month's residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the District of such intention.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Automobile Output and Outlook.

WITH the passing of the season's notable automobile exhibitions, lessons in many quarters have been drawn from them. It is now generally seen that at least the experimental stage in the making of cars has become a thing of the past, and that efforts toward standardization are in full activity. Along with this, are to be observed distinct tendencies toward economy in weight and power, noiselessness in action, ease of motion, and charm of outward appearance. Since 1898 the output of cars in this country has increased from 239 to 52,000—an increase further to be considered with reference to importation last year valued at $28,000,000. It is estimated by manufacturers that, in the year 1909, the American output will reach 75,000 cars. Summarizing the recent Madison Square Garden show The New York Times says:

"There are on display 117 complete gasoline cars, 28 gasoline chassis, 19 motor business wagons, 5 motor business chassis, 3 taxicabs, 6 steamcars, 1 steam-chassis, 37 electric carriages, and 5 electric chassis.

"The body construction shows a great variety. There are 27 passenger touring cars, 23 five-passenger touring-cars, 3 two-passenger runabouts, 8 three-passenger runabouts, 10 four-passenger runabouts, 21 toy tonneaus, 17 limousines, 8 landaulets, 4 town cars, and 2 special types.

A MOTOR CAR USED IN FRANCE FOR TRANSPORTING HORSES.

"Taking up the question of motors, it is found that there are 138 water-cooled, 7 air-cooled, 140 of the four-cycle type, and 5 of the two-cycle type.

A CURIOUS CAR-BODY. Fitted inside with folding card-tables.

"In cylinder construction there is also considerable diversity, there being 25 six-cylinder models, 116 four-cylinder, 3 three-cylinder, and 1 single-cylinder. These motors are cast as follows; 96 of them in pairs, 41 separately, 6 of them en bloc, and these it is expected will be a feature of the next show, as they are the mechanical novelty of this show. Then there are also two cars with the cylinders cast in threes.

"The jump spark still leads in ignition, there being 125 cars with this system shown, and there are twenty cars using the make-and-break ignition system. Dividing the ignition-systems up still further, there are 48 cars using the double-jump spark system, 56 the dual, and 21 the single system. Seventy-five of the cars have high-tension magnetos, 15 of them use low-tension magnetos, 79 of them use storage batteries, and 59 of them dry cells.

"In clutches it is still a tie between the cone and the multiple-disk, each type being used on 56 different cars. The expanding clutch is used on 22 cars and the contracting on 10.

"The selective gear is the most popular in transmission devices, 131 cars using the selective type as compared to 13 using the progressive. The planetary system is used on only one car. The location of the gear-sets varies a little, although on 126 of the cars it is a separate unit, five cars have the gear-set combined with the crank-case, and 14 of them show the gear-case mounted on the rear axle."

Alexander Schwalbach discusses more at length some of these points in an article contributed to The New York Evening Post:

"The show has revealed the fact that the standardization of automobiles and the apparent finality of construction has taken out of it the question of engineering, and added to it the question of manufacturing and producing automobiles in large quantity. The show has also revealed the fact that automobiles must be sold because they are not now bought, and by this is meant that the maker and dealer must go after the user, and that the tendency is always toward lower prices, especially when automobiles are made in large quantities at a popular price, and the great problem of the makers is to increase the quality and decrease the price at the same time.

"The mechanical tendencies are along direct lines, and are easily noticed. They show that the single-cylinder motor and the two-cylinder horizontal-opposed motor are used only on low-priced cars, and that the four-cylinder water-cooled motor is the popular car of the day, and that while the six-cylinder construction is holding its own, it has not gained anything, and that the future of the six-cylinder motor lies in the production of this type in medium and high-powered sizes. The air-cooled car is more than holding its own in the hands of the great maker who controls the fundamental patent rights on it, and the same thing may be said here of the steam-car, and the two-cycle motor, these three propositions being such exclusive ones that no other maker can enter the field, although the two-cycle motor is largely used in motor-boat practice.

"Another great feature of the show was to use tires of larger diameter and larger cross-section, and some day we may expect to see automobile wheels ranging in diameter from forty to forty-four inches as an extreme size. Their first cost will be enormous, but the car will ride easier, and the life of the tires will be longer, but this will bring with it another problem, for the raising of the wheels means the raising of the centre of gravity, and this must be overcome, which may possibly be done by the use of an underslung frame, as is already produced by one maker.

"The show also revealed the fact that a 30-horse-power car was a popular one, although this term 'thirty' as used by the makers is a very elastic one. The horse-power might range, as it did in one car, from twenty-four, and in another to forty-four, and still be called a 'thirty.' There was also a notable tendency shown, and which was also notably prevalent at the big shows abroad, to limit the production of high and over-powered cars, which are dangerous on our roads on account of their excessive high speeds."

Mr. Lloyd-George at Home.

WHILE visiting his native Welsh village a short time ago (says a writer in M.A.P.) Mr. Lloyd-George took advantage of the occasion to call upon an old Welsh lady whom he had known in the days of his childhood. Naturally enough, the old dame was delighted to have such a distinguished gentleman in her cottage, but when the Chancellor of the Exchequer remarked that he was going to speak in the chapel the following Sunday she at once became silent and concerned.

Apparently she had heard a great deal about Suffragettes, for presently she remarked: "I do hope, Davydd (David), that you are not going to create a disturbance."

It was during the same visit that Mr. Lloyd-George played a game of golf with a notoriously bad player, who took several strokes to get on to the green. It was a large green, and his ball was about sixty yards from the hole which he managed to "hole out." Turning to the Right Honorable Member he remarked:

"There is no doubt my short game is better than my long."

To which Mr. Lloyd-George replied: "There is no doubt it is longer."

Richard Strauss and His Work.

CANADIAN musicians and music-lovers, and Toronto musicans especially, will be interested in these personal references by a writer in London M. A. P. to Dr. Richard Strauss, whose new opera, "Electra," was recently produced, and who is looked upon as the most remarkable personality among living musicians:

He is certainly the most criticised; but it says much for his genius that, even those who consider him an iconoclast are bound to admit the originality of his work. It is interesting to note that concerning his latest opera he has said: "People wondered at 'Salome,' they made fun of it, scorned it, then they accepted it. They will wonder still more at my 'Electra.' They will scoff still more, but they will end by accepting it." Like many other famous composers, Strauss started as an "infant prodigy," for he was only six years old when he first began to compose, and at sixteen he was beginning to be quite a "lion." At the present time, he is said to be the richest composer in Europe, the rights of one of his works alone having been sold for nearly £2,000, and he never conducts an orchestra for less than £100 a performance. Indeed, although he is an idealist in music, he is very practical and shrewd in business matters, and he does not fritter his money away, as is the habit with so many men of genius.

Dr. Strauss's method of composing his music differs greatly from that of most musicians. His best ideas come to him not when he is alone, but when he is in a room full of people and during the hum of conversation. Suddenly he will leave the chatting throng, and retiring into a corner of the apartment, he will take out his notebook and jot down some imperishable theme, returning shortly afterwards to his friends, and resuming the talk as though such a thing as music never existed in the world. A great deal of his work, too, is done while he is out walking in the woods, and also when he is travelling by train, or seated enjoying a meal in a restaurant. Beyond his music, his pursuits are few, probably his favorite way of spending the time being in card-playing, and in leading the "simple life" in his beautiful villa in the Bavarian Alps.

Dr. Strauss has often been mistaken for Eduard Strauss, the popular waltz writer, and he himself tells an amusing story of having sat in the audience during the performance of one of his own most difficult and characteristic works, and listened to the outspoken criticism of a "provincial" sitting near to him, who expressed his sorrow that Strauss, who had composed so many pretty waltzes, should condescend to produce such very extraordinary music. On another occasion a lady sent a charming little note on to the concert platform, asking for one of his pretty waltzes as an encore, and one of the first things that happened to him on landing in America was being buttonholed by an enterprising reporter and asked if he had brought any new waltzes along with him! This, to the man who has composed "Salome," "Don Quixote," and the "Domestic Symphony," must have seemed galling indeed.

The Land of Used-to-be.

By PETER O'DEE.

GOOD poet, lead me that I may go
Back to the Land of Used-To-Be;
Blind me to all this world I see,
Hide from me all this sin and woe;
Tell me not of the life I know,
But picture that I long to see:
Good poet, lead me that I may go
Back to the Land of Used-To-Be.

My childhood knew it long ago,
And dwelt there in security;
But now its gates are closed on me,
And darkened e'en its memories grow.
Good poet, lead me that I may go
Back to the Land of Used-To-Be.

Oh! Shocking!

THIS is a true story of the stupidity of an office boy and the naughtiness of a hubby. A lady well known in Toronto social and musical circles was recently the guest in Chicago of a noted eye-specialist and his wife. Her host, anxious to provide for her amusement, proposed a theatre party. "Barkis was willin,'" and so the doctor ordered his office-boy to get the seats.

"Get aisle seats," he insisted.

He got them all right. The doctor never looked at the tickets till he reached the theatre. Judge of his astonishment and rage when on taking them out of the envelope there, he discovered that the boy had got the three seats all on the aisle, one directly back of the other. There was nothing to be done, however, and the party took their places in Indian file.

In a few minutes the doctor's wife, a beautiful woman who dresses as beautiful women are apt to in Chicago, noticed that a man who sat alongside her seemed to be alone. He never said a word to the lady who sat on the other side of him, but gazed straight ahead with the dismal fixity of the cigar-store Indian. A bright idea came to her. Perhaps he would change places with her guest, the Toronto lady, and so enable them to sit together. Being a man, an aisle seat would probably suit him better as offering finer facilities for egress between acts.

"Excuse me, but are you alone?" she finally ventured.

A spasm of intelligence passed across his face, but he gave no other sign.

"Excuse me," she resumed after a minute's pause, thinking that perhaps he had not heard, "but I would like to know if you are alone."

This time he assumed an expression of resolute unconsciousness, which showed that he had made up his mind not to hear. The lady suddenly became equally determined that he should.

"Excuse me, sir," she said decidedly, "will you please tell me whether or not you are alone?"

He shot a quick glance at the woman on the other side of him, and then without looking at his questioner put his hand over his mouth, to get a megaphone effect.

"Get wise, get wise," he whispered hoarsely,"—— she's my wife!"

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JAMES MASON, General Manager

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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

New York, February 16, 1909.

THE Canadian Club of New York held its Scottish proclivities in comparative subjection at the last monthly dinner. Beyond the official piper to skirl our assembled steps dinnerward, a little girl in Highland costume to dance the Highland fling and a Scottish song or two, the program was quite international in scope, with other corners and colonies of the British Empire impartially represented. Notwithstanding that it was "Ladies' Night," too, the only kilts in evidence were the pipers', the little girl's, and Mr. Harry Lauder's. Yes, Harry dined with us and, as a member of the guests' table, he dined well. But that of course is as far as his "conthract, verra sorra," would allow him to go. Still we had abundant and excellent entertainment for a' that, and among the entertainers one quite the equal of the scrupulous Scotch comedian. But of this later. Ladies' night is an annual occurrence. That is to say, we have the ladies with us(at the club) once a year. This rule now obtains, I believe, among all the male class in good standing. And while at first sight it seems like throwing discretion to the winds—to uncover man's one remaining refuge from domestic servitude— on the other hand it may ensure a more peaceful possession for the remainder of the year. With the distant drums of the suffragists too, announcing their approach on both our flanks we may as well raise our little flag of truce, first as last.

Another and less remote advantage, at least in its application to the Canadian Club, is the opportunity to contemplate Canadian beauty in the composite now and then. Contemplated under such conditions one realizes that the Canadian feminine type is distinctive—a distinctiveness which, unlike the masculine, persists in spite of residence over here—from what we understand as American beauty. What the lines of differentiation are, or why they are, I do not pretend to answer. That they are all in favor of the Canadian type I am too honest to hold. The difference I suspect to be as much in degree —of sophistication, of course, understood—as in kind, and to many in Canada and out, the noticeable lack of variety, is more than offset by the equally noticeable prevailing domestic qualities of freshness and innocence. It would hardly be safe to assume the analogy throughout but that at least is the written record. Ladies' night is manifestly popular with the ladies. Mothers, wives, sweethearts and daughters, four to one at the lowest estimate, were all there with an occasional male head showing above the sea of millinery or emerging on the lower crest of a dimpled shoulder.

Seated at the long dinner tables the variegated assemblage looked for all the world like one of those many church festivals that crowned our youth's social happiness. When this assemblage afterward resolved itself into a formal meeting, "pew lengths of people, row on row," to dispose of the program, the ecclesiastical illusion was complete with one exception—the pastor. For once in the history of the club's gatherings, the cloth was not represented. Even grace had to be taken as said.

However, we had a near substitute in appearance and otherwise in Colonel Bacon, introduced as a converted lawyer—or was it an honest lawyer? Only the paradox impressed me and I have forgotten which. This genial Michigander was announced to speak on "Tainted Wealth," but Canadian hospitality and Canadian beauty got the better of him, and his subject was sidetracked in their favor. Possibly, too, he realized the inappropriateness of "Tainted Wealth" in an atmosphere both Scotch and Canadian. All wealth is "tainted" beyond a certain point but fortunately few of us get beyond the danger point. The only other contribution in the talking line was an illustrated lecture on "The Canadian West." The slides were interesting but the talk was suspiciously like a railroad prospectus. The rest of the program was musical, and among the contributions were at least two artists, whose appearance was highly complimentary to the club. One of these, a harp-zither soloist, Mme. Kitty Berger, we were reminded by way of introduction had played before royalty, and on one occasion received a "handsome solitaire" from her late Majesty Queen Victoria. At the White House recently President Roosevelt expressed himself as dee-lighted. In spite of these royal enconiums however, Mme. Berger is an artist and plays her instrument with rare sweetness and skill. The other was Miss Nina Gordon, whom I before alluded to as an entertainer worthy to rank with Harry Lauder. Prior to coming to New York, Miss Gordon was connected with the Palace Theatre, London, I believe for a few years. Vaudeville, which is the only stage on this side covering her line of entertainment, does not appeal to this young artist and for the present, at any rate, she is devoting her talents with great success to relieving the boredom of the four-hundred. Should she appear on your side at some future time, I trust you will not miss her. Naturally we had only a small sample from her repertoire, but the sample was unmistakably good. One number that caught the audience immensely was an imitation of Harry Lauder in "She's ma Daisy," many preferring the imitation to the original. I have a fair opportunity to learn what is being done on the stage here, and as far as I have seen Miss Gordon's line is quite unique.

* * *

BUT this reminds me of a half resolve, made only the the other day, to leave your theatrical guidance henceforth to the wiles of the press agent. Similar resolves have been made before, but the occasion of the last is the following clipping from a Toronto paper sent me, playfully of course, by the artist concerned. After stating that "Mme. Nazimova is a good actress in several respects" the writer goes on: "The play (The Doll's House) is one of the weakest of Ibsen's dramatic productions. It is impossible for the ordinary theatregoers to sympathize with the action of Nora, who, because her husband has a conventional objection to her having committed forgery, discovers that, although they have lived together eight years, and have several children, they are strangers and consequently she has to leave him for good . . . etc." Is it any wonder that theatrical managers declare that Toronto (even Toronto) is a poor town from their standpoint, and send you musical shows, which you do patronize, instead of good plays which you do not?

Last season, if I recollect, Mrs. Fisks's "Rosmersholm," the most artistic production sent across the line, was scantily supported, and only the other week, "The Servant in the House," which has been a flaming sword wherever it has gone, was received by you, as far as I can learn, rather casually. In a community where good drama and righteousness are supposed to be especially popular, one looked for something different for the latter. Globe editorials at least should have been its portion. That Ibsen should rouse orthodox playgoers to any great pitch of spiritual excitement is of course too much to ask, at least, just at present.

* * *

THE only event in theatrical circles for the present week will be the production of "The Goddess of Reason," a poetic romance of the French Revolution by Mary Johnston, in which the part of the heroine is to be assumed by that most charming of American actresses, Miss Marlowe. The play is written in blank verse, with much spectacular setting.

J. E. W.

Seed of the Steel Trust.

JUST half a century ago the seed was planted which has since grown into the mighty tree known as the Steel Trust. In the year 1858 one Andrew Kloman, with his brother, constructed a small iron making plant at Millvale, Pa., now a part of Allegheny.

The valuation of this plant as appraised by its owners at the time was $4,800.

Within one year after formation a third partner was taken in and the style changed to Kloman Bros. Another year and Henry Phipps became interested, and again, says Moody's Magazine, the firm name was changed, this time to Kloman & Phipps.

Now the business began to grow by leaps and bounds The civil war had come on, the demand for iron products nearly doubled, and with this demand the prices trebled. From $18.60 a ton in 1861, the cost to the consumer rapidly climbed to $73.60 a ton before the war period was over.

Almost before people realized it, the Kloman furnace had forged to the front in iron making, was employing perhaps a hundred men and doing a business of $100,000 or more a year. This meant the production of probably fifteen hundred tons of iron a year, an amount which is exceeded by the production of an hour at the present time.

About this time a young man of 30, Andrew Carnegie by name, recognized the growing possibilities of iron manufacture, and was induced to acquire an interest in the enterprise. He soon dominated the policy of the concern, and in the course of time the firm name was changed to Carnegie, Phipps & Co., Ltd., and its capital had increased to $300,000, on which an annual net profit of from 10 to 15 per cent. was being shown.

Prior to 1870 commerce and industry worked at a handicap. With the pressure for material progress on every side, the extension of the railroad systems, the construction of heavier vehicles, of machinery and of larger buildings, and the development of inventions, came an insistent demand for a new metal, that should be as strong as steel and as cheap as iron. The railroads were all using iron rails, which broke up constantly and usually wore out in a year or two of hard usage. The high cost of steel, however, made it impossible for them to use anything else but iron.

Almost simultaneously two inventive geniuses proved themselves "men of the hour"—Sir Henry Bessemer, an Englishman, and William Kelly, an Irish-American of Pittsburg. They both, unknown to each other, arrived at practically the same solution of the problem at about the same time. They invented what has become known as the "bessemer process," by means of which the iron and steel trades were revolutionized.

Kelly as far back as 1847 knew that he had discovered the process, Bessemer as long as 1855, but it was not until nearly 1870 that the merit of their discovery was widely recognized. The process as worked out by these men, however, was not entirely complete, and the work of a third inventor, Robert F. Mushet, was needed before perfection was reached. This was in 1870. Other improvements in the process were afterward introduced as the method came widely into vogue.

It is interesting to note that Mushet, the perfecter of the process, never received pecuniary reward for his contribution to posterity. William Kelly, the pioneer, received in all about half a million dollars, but little fame in the great outside world. Henry Bessemer secured the lion's share of worldly fame and honor as well as great financial gain. In money ten million dollars was his portion; in honor, an English knighthood; in reputation, world-wide fame, his name being the only one of the three commonly known in connection with the modern process of steel manufacture.

W. D. Howells on Tolstoy.

THE twentieth century, it seems, is already old enough to attempt finally to estimate the great men of the century preceding it. Mr. William Dean Howells, in The North American Review, claims a place for Count Tolstoy among the three greatest men of the nineteenth century.

"There was Napoleon," he writes, "and there was Lincoln, and then there was Tolstoy in an order which time may change, though it appears to me certain that time will not change the number of these supreme names. The work of Lincoln was no more final than the work of Napoleon; and like Napoleon's and like Lincoln's, Tolstoy's work has been without finality."

Mr. Howells then goes on to discuss the ethics and æsthetics of Tolstoy's work, or, rather, the union of ethics and æsthetics in that extraordinary manifestation of literature. He compares the effect of Count Tolstoy's art upon himself with the old-fashioned experience of people who become converted at revival meetings: "Things that were dark or dim before were shone upon by a light so clear and strong that I needed no longer to grope my way to them. Being and doing had a new meaning and a new motive, and I should be an ingrate unworthy of the help I had if I did not own it, or if I made little of it. The voluntary and involuntary allegiance I had been paying to the truth which is beauty and beyond art, and to an ideal of goodness and loveliness in the commonest and cheapest lives, was here reasoned and exampled in things beyond refutation or comparison."

The distinguished American writer discovered for himself what so many people of all shades of opinion and temperament have discovered—that what he had known instinctively before, he knew rationally through the writings of Count Tolstoy.

Eskimo banquets last longer than any other, and the quantity of food swallowed is also proportionately greater. Ross records that seven of his party of natives once ate continuously for thirty-three hours, during which time they consumed 200 pounds of seal meat. Europeans exposed to the same climatic conditions act much in the same way. Captain Scott, of the Discovery, on his return from his long sledge journey over the inland ice of the Antarctic continent, did nothing but eat and sleep for the space of three days and nights, and even then he was still hungry.

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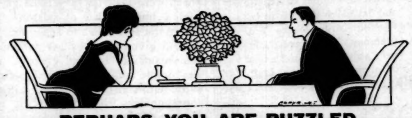

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Nadine Jane Hamilton Kerr, second daughter of Hon. J. K. Kerr, of Rathnelly, and Mr. Edmund Featherstone Osler, second son of Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., of Craigleigh, was celebrated in St. James Cathedral on Tuesday at half past two o'clock, Rev. Canon Welch, the Rector, officiating. The service was fully choral, the choristers awaiting the bride's arrival in the aisle, and preceding her to the chancel, singing a bridal hymn composed by the Canon. The decoration of the chancel was effectively done in Easter lilies, daffodils, palms and ferns, and every fourth pew of the central aisle had its huge nosegay of daffodils sashed with yellow ribbons. This charming floral tribute to the happy event, and the artistic playing of Dr. Ham was the mingled treat enjoyed by early comers, of whom there were many, some of the guests desiring good seats, and a huge crowd of persons interested in the event filling the side aisles to repletion. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and her always bright and beautiful face and graceful figure admirably set off her simple and distinguished gown, which was of Liberty satin, with court train, fastened in a Matteau pleat between the shoulders, the bodice being made with guimpe and sleeves of transparent tucking, and some very beautiful lace, and a rope of pearls being the chief jewels. The veil was of exquisite ivory-tinted lace, and fell softly about the *mignon* little face of the bride, fastened with a crown of orange blooms. The boquet was one of those lovely *melanges* of choice white flowers, which have recently taken the place of the bunches of Bride roses without which no bridal toilette used to be complete, everything sweet and choice and graceful from orchid to lily of the valley, showers down from the little kid-gloved hand of the smart bride, for an artist puts them together for her hour of exhibition. Miss Kerr's bridesmaids were her elder sister, Miss Viva Kerr; her younger sister, Miss Florence Kerr, and Miss Marion Meredith, who each wore pale blue satin princess gowns, large blue satin hats "brided" with tulle, and with a posie of small pink roses on one side. They carried sheaves of pink roses, and each was a picture in her becoming costume. The queen of flower girls was little Phyllis Osler, daughter of Mr. Gordon Osler and niece of the groom, in a Greenaway frock of soft pale blue satin, and an airy white fichu of which the ends were fastened and fell behind upon her quaint frockie. A hat of many curves, in blue malines, with long ties, rested on her golden ringlets, and tiny pointed blue shoes peeped from underneath her long skirt. She was so winsome and so serious as she came slowly pacing up the wide aisle leading the bride's procession, that everyone smiled and loved her. The ushers were Mr. Eddie Cronyn, Mr. F. Britton Osler, Mr. Stanley Kerr and Mr. George Cassels. The best man, who officiated in his R.M.C. uniform, was Cadet Allan Meredith, who came up from Kingston for the wedding. While the register was being signed, Dr. Ham played a selection from Il Flauto Magico. A reception at Rathnelly followed the ceremony, when Mrs. Kerr, in a handsome peacock blue satin gown, with bolero of gold lace and large black hat with ospreys and swathings of black spotted net, received in the drawing room, where the dejeuner was served at a table running the length of the spacious room, and where the bride and groom took their places, just beside the towering wedding cake. Mr. and Mrs. Osler, of Craigleigh, the groom's mother in silver grey satin and dainty toque, and boquet of deep red roses; Mr. and Mrs. Harty, of Kingston, the charming bride of last September looking very pretty; Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbons, of London, and Miss Helen Gibbons; Mr. and Mrs. Hal Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmott Matthews, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, in a sweet gown *a' la directoire* of yellow broadcloth and little cloak to match, were some of the relatives and connections present. Other guests were Lady Mulock, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. and Miss Jessie Johnston, Colonel and Mrs. Maclean, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft, and Miss Gooderham, Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. Graham Campbell of Carbrooke, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. Cassels, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Adele Boulton, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. and Miss Austin of Spadina, Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Scott Griffin and Mrs. Williams Beardmore, the Misses Mackenzie, Mrs. Nordheimer, the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Cambie, Mr. Albert and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Bertie Cassels, the Misses Edgar, Mr. Edgar, Mr. Cockshutt, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Miss McCutcheon, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams, Captain Douglas Young, Captain and Mrs. Harold Bickford, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Miss Davidson, Mrs. Wyld of Dunedin, Miss Flora Macdonald. Colonel Williams and Captain Young came on from the opening of Parliament in their gorgeous scarlet and gold uniforms. The bride went away in a grey cloth costume and grey hat with a handsome set of ermine, and the honeymoon will be spent in Egypt and about the Mediterranean. On their return, Mr. and Mrs. Osler will live at Bronte, where Mr. Osler owns Lakeview Farm, on which he is demonstrating up-to-date farming. The value and beauty of the wedding presents was remarkable, even in these days of prodigal giving, and every sort of gift that taste and wealth could suggest were spread in bewildering numbers. The Senate of the Dominion of Canada sent a superb diamond pendant to their Speaker's daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Harty gave their sister a very large silver tea-tray and service, in the new smooth silver. There were jewels and plate, glass and china, pictures and all sorts of artistic things, dainty handiwork, a watch and chain, and a little gift that excited many an amused laugh was resting in a pale blue velvet case, a hoe, rake, spade and trowel, in silver, fit for the queen of the fairies to use, if she lived on a farm! The elements were kind enough to cease in the midst of a very busy day, and put off any further blizzard in time to let Mr. and Mrs. Osler depart for their wedding journey in clear weather, after hours of steady and boisterous snow. Rathnelly looked like a real snow palace as the stream of cars and carriages wound up the drive to the summit of Davenport Hill, on the whitest day of the winter.

Parliament was opened by His Honor the Lieutenant Governor on Tuesday afternoon, and despite the blizzard, people turned out to see and hear, until the large legislative hall was jammed as usual. Mrs. Crawford received after the Opening in the Speaker's apartments, where a vast crowd had tea. Mrs. J. and Mrs. W. Hendrie, of Hamilton; Mrs. J. R. Stratton, of Peterboro'; Mrs. Dunlop, of Pembroke; Mrs. Craigie, of New York, were a few out of town women whose beautiful gowns and handsome presence lent lustre to the scene. Lady Whitney in moss green striped velvet, Mrs. Hanna in white satin and silver, Mrs. Cochrane in blue satin with lace and diamonds, Mrs. Pyne in white satin, amethysts and diamonds, Mrs. Reaume in white satin and pearls, Mrs. Mabee in canary satin, Mrs. Riddell in white satin with jewelled embroideries, Mrs. Macmahon in jetted lace and ermine, Mrs. Teetzel in taupe velvet with lace and diamonds, Miss Foy in buttercup crepe, and Miss Pauline Foy in shell pink, Mrs. Clute, jetted lace, with amethysts, were in the circle, and many equally handsome and well-gowned women filled the seats of the members of both sides of the House.

Mrs. Edward Porter, Brunswick Avenue, is giving a small tea next Tuesday.

The masked fancy dress dance at Benvenuto on Tuesday night was what one masquerader called "an all too seldom," and went off with great success. The guests came down in a crowd from the dressing-rooms, where they had been for half an hour wildly guessing, and often guessing right, as to "who was who" behind the mask and disguise. The hostess, Mrs. Scott Griffin, was a timid little squaw, in a grey doeskin embroidered dress, little moccasins and an *air craintive* as she ran from room to room which was simply perfect. Mrs. Williams Beardmore and Miss Bertha Mackenzie were little maidens out from the harem for a good time, and their bewitchments soon brought a swarm of admirers about them. The Mistress of the harem who tried to look after them soon gave up the task, and devoted her energies to following their bad example. Miss Grace Mackenzie was a slim brown maid from the Nile, and her lovely costume in orchid and green and fine jewels were even second to her perfect little face, peeping from the white and gold Cairo scarf on her head. Mr. Stewart Houston quite took the lead in stunning presence, his great stature being further added to by a regal crown from which grew a palm plant, and the floating white and gold cloak, scarlet and gold coat and white trousers of some unutterably grand personage, with the complete disguise of dark hair, moustache and Imperial, combined to make him the observed of all puzzled people. Mr. Scott Griffin was Mephisto, red quill and all, and had sudden flashes of light from concealed electric bulbs with which to further scare little sinners. Major Elmsly came as a black and white clown, evenly marked off, even to his handsome face, and his lovely wife was a Christmas cracker in pink crepe paper and a most fetching little chapeau trimmed with little crackers. That she could neither dance nor sit down was a calamity for her friends, who begged for dances, only to get a shake of her pretty head. Mr. Cambie was a French cook, and his wife a splendid court lady, in rich brocaded gown. Mr. Arthur Hills was a highwayman, and Mrs. Hills a pale blue and rose Folly. Mr. Ewart Osborne came in hunting pink, and Mrs. Osborne was the most fascinating little Mary Jane, while Mr. Agar Adamson was Buster Brown, in pink striped suit, with "Tige" led by a string. Mr. Jack Cawthra was a pink and white clown, with every known antic and talked French to the Hollandish girl in her sabots, Miss Muriel Barwick, whose *fiance*, Mr. Holland, was true to his name and adopted country in a perfect replica of Dutch peasantry. Mr. Hawes was a green domino, and Mrs. Hawes an Indian girl in full war paint, feather headdress, etc., and Mr. Keith Edgar was a splendid "brave" to match her. Mr. Cattanach was a crimson domino, and Miss Helen Cattanach was a quaint "Cranford" with a flowered muslin gown, white felt cottage bonnet and fussy bunches of side-curls. Captain Van Straubenzee was in scarlet and white racing colors, and a fine looking lady with him in black satin with elegant coiffure and a naughty wink, had a glorious time and many partners, before unmasking, who gave her the stern go-by, when she turned out to be Mr. Allen Case! Miss Heloise Keating was a dainty little shepherdess; Miss Fellowes was a graceful Night; Miss Zaidee Drayton was The World's Fair, and looked very fine; Mr. Cawthra Mulock was crimson domino, and Mrs. Mulock a fascinating merry widow in white and gold jacket and black and gold skirt. Mr. Barrett was a French soldier, with white veil on his shako; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra were Chinese gentleman and lady; Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt was a handsome Jap. Miss Baines was a pretty "Mary, Mary quite contrary," and Miss Dorothy Walker was a charming peasant girl. Miss Melvin-Jones might have been "The Month of Roses, Sunny June," for she was wreathed and garlanded with lovely pink roses, which formed a halo of pink over her smart coiffure. Miss Marjorie Brouse was in chiffon covered with garlands of pink roses, and Miss Marjorie Braithwaite was a dainty peasant girl. Mr. Fitzgerald was a tennis player, and Miss Hazel Fitzgerald a pretty court lady. A Moorish chief and an Albanian were two impressive beings whose identity was puzzling. They turned out to be Mr. Harry Baldwin and Mr. Clement Pepler. Miss Helen Davidson puzzled all her friends as a bad little squaw from the wild west, with black head shawl, gold chains of coins, tiny moccasins and a real pistol and bowie knife, of which she was greatly afraid; Captain Bickford in domino and Mrs. Bickford in a lovely black gown touched with white, Mr. George Alexander in domino, and Miss Jean in black satin and cocked hat, Mr. Gwyn Osler in white and gold court costume, Mr. Eddie Cronyn in "pink," Colonel Stimson in red domino. Mrs. McGregor Young was a Delft-girl, with a pretty Dutch lace cap. Mrs. Harty was a "dear little girl," and Mr. Harty a Russian soldier. Mr. Meakin, who is Prince Danilo in the Merry Widow this week, came after the play in his gorgeous costume and danced the famous waltz with Mrs. Williams Beardmore after unmasking. Mr. Meakin is a Canadian and a classmate of some of our college men, who brought him up to the dance. Mrs. Charles Kingsmill was a pretty Jap, and Miss Mamie O'Loane was also in Jap costume. Three cousins of the hostess, Miss Merry, Miss Macdonald and Miss Meaghar, were at the dance. Miss Macdonald as Queen Louise was very sweet. The Queen of Hearts with her tarts was a smart guest. Mr. Stanley Kerr was a jester, and Mr. Lissant Beardmore a courtier. Mr. Williams Beardmore was a most convincing Turk, and his fine white teeth showed so well in a wide smile that many of his chums recognised him quickly. Supper was served at twelve after unmasking, and afterwards Mr. Barrett sang some of his own songs for the merry throng. I hear that the festivities were kept up quite late, the last guests meeting the milkman on his rounds! Needless to tell of the beautiful setting Benvenuto made for this charming dance. It never looked prettier..

Mrs. Robert B. Elgie will receive for the first time since moving to 16 McKenzie ave. on Monday, Feb. 22.

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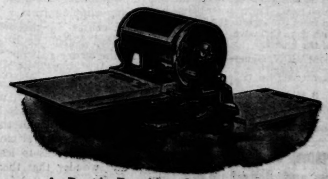

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Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People. . . . .

MANY readers who in their salad days revelled in the fiction of "Ouida," and not a few others who, while intolerant of that voluminous writer's style, had their sympathies aroused by the pathetic circumstances of her death, will be interested in "Helianthus." This is the unfinished novel by Ouida, which has just been published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto; price $1.25. Twenty-nine chapters of the book were in type when the aged writer died, and as the story had been carried well on towards its conclusion it was thought best to publish the work just as it stood.

"Helianthus" is a political romance of modern Europe. As a story it cannot be said to be striking or absorbing. In it, however, the author, who was an observant and wise woman, if not a master of the writing craft, has included much worldly philosophy. The book is full of dull platitudes or bright epigrams, according to the judgment of the reader. But it may be assumed that a large number of those who peruse the novel will take the friendlier view. The story concerns a number of the monarchial rulers of Europe and their families, who figure, of course, under fictitious names. "Ouida" in her last work struck a blow at social and political oppression with all the strength with which she could invest her pen.

* * *

The February Bookman publishes Kipling's "The Forelopper," which it describes as "the hitherto lost poem." It would seem that of this early bit of Kipling, only the first six lines remained within the general memory of men, including the author. The entire poem, fourteen lines in all, was recently discovered in the columns of a Pacific Coast publication:

The gull shall whistle in his wake, the
blind wave break in fire,
He shall fulfil God's utmost will unknowing His desire;
And he shall see old planets pass and
alien stars arise,
And give the gale his reckless sail in
shadow of new skies.
Strong lust of gear shall drive him
out and hunger arm his hand
To wring his food from a desert nude,
his foothold from the sand.
His neighbor's smoke shall vex his
eyes, their voices break his rest,
He shall go forth till South is North,
sullen and dispossessed:
And he shall desire loneliness, and his
desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels,
a people, and a king;
And he shall come back in his own
track, and by his scarce, cool
camp;
There he shall meet the roaring street,
the derrick, and the stamp;
For he must blaze a nation's ways
with hatchet and with brand
Till on his last won wilderness an Empire's bulwarks stand.

* * *

An interesting point in connection with the recent widespread discussion as to the merits of the comic supplement as a newspaper feature is the fact that The New York Herald has failed in its suit against The Ottawa Citizen, in which an attempt was made to restrain the latter journal from publishing the Buster Brown pictures. This is a declaration that there is no copyright on these pictures in Canada.

It might be noted *en passant* that Mr. B. Cory Kilvert, the promising young artist, formerly of Hamilton, has, in addition to his more serious work, taken a rather prominent place among the New York comic supplement illustrators.

* * *

The circulating department of the New York Public Library, in its latest weekly return of popular books, gives Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." and Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" as the leaders in juvenile fiction. It is interesting and gratifying to note that, amid the mass of new material bidding for the attention of readers, old and young, these good old favorites still hold their own.

* * *

President Lincoln, whose name has been on many thousands of lips throughout America this week, was very fond of Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem, "The Last Leaf." It is said that he often repeated this stanza from memory:

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom.
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

Mr. Lincoln once, in speaking of this verse, said: "For pure pathos, in my judgment, there is nothing finer in the English language than those six lines."

* * *

The report that James Oliver Curwood, the author of "The Wolf Hunters" and "The Courage of Captain Plum," was killed by Indians in the Hudson Bay country, proves, as Mark Twain would say, "greatly exaggerated." The report emanated from Winnipeg, whence Mr. Curwood, who is a mighty hunter, had struck into the wilds. It was sent in an Associated Press despatch all over the country. Obituary notices of the usual laudatory character appeared in the literary periodicals. For two weeks nothing more was heard about the missing man.

Then, all of a sudden, Mr. Curwood himself appeared in Winnipeg to deny the rumor, and to find himself involved in no end of personal and business trouble by reason of its circulation.

The story seems to have originated in a trifling difficulty into which the author and his two Indian guides stumbled when they were penetrating the Lac la Rouge country, north of Le Las.

They were in camp along a river when four Indians of a village into whose domain they were entering, came along in a canoe. Some altercation soon ensued, which Mr. Curwood did not understand. There was nothing melodramatic about the incident. No knives were used, no guns; it was just a rough-and-tumble fight, in which one of the guides was completely knocked out by a blow on the head with a stone. When the Indians of the village heard of the trouble they were grieved. They felt responsible for Mr. Curwood's predicament, with but one guide in traveling condition, and they gave him two of their own people in place of the disabled man.

Doubtless the story of that little trouble spread abroad slowly and was enlarged upon by trappers and others finally reaching Winnipeg in a garbled state. The novelist heard nothing about it until his return trip. When he was nearly back to civilization he stopped off to see a friend, a trapper, who produced a paper nearly a week old, in which the story of "the tragedy" appeared. He started out that day and walked twenty-nine miles to the nearest station to prove that he was far from dead!

* * *

The Macmillan Company announces eight novels for publication this spring, and the anticipations aroused by the authors' names seem to prove that this may turn out to be a noteworthy year for fiction. By a curious coincidence, this list is evenly divided between male and female authors, and also between American and English writers. To give precedence to the ladies, there is a novel with an operatic singer for heroine, by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton; "The Romance of a Plain Man," a story of Virginia, by Miss Ellen Glasgow; "Poppea of the Post Office," by that delightful observer of men and nature, the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright; and "The Straw," a story by a new English writer, Miss Rina Ramsay. The men include Mr. Marion Crawford, whose book is entitled "The White Sister"; Mr. Eden Phillpotts with "The Three Brothers"; Mr. Fielding Hall, who calls his first novel "One Immortality"; and Mr. Algernon Blackwood, an Englishman who wrote a remarkable story called "John Silence," and now follows it with one which promises to be equally worth reading, "Jimbo."

* * *

Titles not hitherto announced in Messrs. Duffield & Company's Spring list of fiction include "Christopher Hibbault: Roadmaker," by Marguerite Bryant; "Rachel Lorian," by Mrs. Henry Dudeney, author of "Folly Corner"; "Idolatry," by Alice Perrin; "Syrinx," by Lawrence North; "The Cuckoo's Nest," by Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi, author of "A Modern Prometheus"; "Houses of Glass," short stories and sketches of Paris, by Mrs. Archibald K. Mackay, and "Fame's Pathway," by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

* *

The Macmillan Company announce a new novel by Eden Phillpotts. "The Three Brothers." Like the best of Mr. Phillpotts's work, this is a Dartmoor story.

* * *

Life offers three very respectable prizes in a novel contest—novel in more ways than one. What Life wants to know is "What is the worst novel of the past year? And why?" What an opportunity for disgruntled fiction-readers all over the continent! What makes the contest entirely delightful and inviting is the fact that each contributor is not limited to writing only one "roast," but can get as many off his chest as he desires, being assured that they will all be considered.

HAL.

The Annual meeting of the Home Life Association of Canada was held in Toronto on February 9. There was a good attendance of shareholders and policyholders, and the President, Hon. J. R. Stratton, and the Secretary, Mr. A. J. Walker, were in their places. The directors' statement showed an increase of assets of $118,523 over the figures of last year. The net ledger assets, $928,079.29, are placed in unspeculative investments. The total assets amount to $981,053.13. The interest earnings were in advance of those of 1908 by twenty-one per cent. These are now in excess of the amount required to satisfy liabilities arising from policy claims. Insurance in force was given at $5,548,258, under 4,408 policies. The report was received with satisfaction and unanimously adopted. After the annual meeting the Board of Directors met and elected Hon. J. R. Stratton, M.P., President; Messrs J. L. Hughes and John S. King, Vice-Presidents, and J. K. McCutcheon, Managing Director.

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SPRING is still quite a way off, as recent snowfalls have reminded Toronto, but in the West they are already beginning to moot again the old, old question of professional lacrosse. This has been done without result for several years past, but the advocates of professionalism seem to grow stronger with each resumption of the debate, and this year they are making a more determined effort than ever. Quite a number of prominent British Columbia lacrosse enthusiasts have declared themselves in favor of professionalism, and the formation of a league is now under consideration.

The underlying reason for this agitation in the West is probably the desire to do away with the more or less cloaked and veiled professionalism which has been going on there for years, and put lacrosse on a frankly commercial basis. There are, however, practical difficulties in the way of this, and considerable doubt seems to exist as to whether or not it could be made a paying thing—the main problem in professional athletics. But there are other reason for hoping that the plan will not be carried out.

Professionalism is always a bad thing in sport, even when it is an unfortunate necessity. Eastern Canadian sportsmen have had ample opportunities of studying its bad effects both in lacrosse and hockey,, where it has meant rough playing, excessive individual work to the detriment of team action, and also a lot of squabbling and intriguing in business arrangements. Of course, this professionalism may have been inevitable, despite its many inconveniences; but there are certainly a host of reasons to regret its coming. And these same reasons make one hope that in the West, at least, they will stand for amateur sport.

* * *

LONGBOAT! The lanky Onondaga still continues to be a main feature in the sporting columns of Canadian papers, and the wily "dopester" works overtime concocting interviews and statements for the famous runner. It wouldn't be so bad, if the scribes who act as mouthpieces for Tom would only come to some general agreement among themselves or at least be consistent in their reports. Then the poor public might run less chance of paranoia or "dementia Marathoniana" on this subject. But the opposite is the case. The most wildly inconsistent and improbable accounts are given night after night of the runner's plans and statements, until the man in the street has about given up trying to form any idea at all in the matter.

This is probably the proper attitude after all. There is very little reliance to be placed in any of those stories, and the lengthy interviews with Tom should go in the fiction department. Anyone who has ever met the Indian runner knows that he is very little more communicative than the cigar-store kind, and unless domesticity and success have lately given an unusual glibness to his tongue, it is likely that he has little to say. All this talk will probably simmer down in the long run, and Tom will fulfil his engagements as a good sportsman should. It is to be hoped so, anyway.

* * *

THERE is talk of two British association football teams visiting this country in the spring, instead of one, as at first announced. It is to be hoped that the plan will be realized. The more the merrier, especially when the more consists of such good sportsmen and fine athletes as British football players have generally proved themselves to be in this country.

* * *

NOT even the long-distance running craze can exclude the boxers from their usual share of public attention, and the fistic experts figure as usual in the sporting columns. Considerable interest has been aroused by the recent display in London of the moving pictures of the Burns-Johnson meeting at Sydney. According to all accounts the testimony of the pictures is somewhat different from that of the newspaper writers at the time of the fight. The pictures, which are unusually good, show that Johnson did not fight at long range as reported, but did much damaging work at close quarters. Furthermore, it seems that according to the film, Burns was always the aggressor and also outboxed his opponent, who won by superior weight and strength. The Canadian, however, seems to have been quite strong at the finish, despite the knockdown in the fourteenth round, and one wonders why the fight was stopped by the police.

All this is interesting as demonstrating the efficiency of the film as a means of keeping tab on boxers, and making it possible to afterwards study a fight over more carefully than is possible at the time of its occurrence. This is certainly one of the greatest triumphs of photography.

* * *

TALKING of boxers, the following statement by Jimmy Britt, the prize-fighter, in a recent issue of The Tatler, combines amusement and instruction:

"I have noticed with not a little surprise since I have been over in England that there are not a few people who still seem to imagine that a boxer is a sort of hoodlum as we say in America, or hooligan as you call him over there. This, however. I think is an injustice to modern exponents of the fistic art, many of whom are men of good education and recruited from quite a different class to the rowdy hoodlums of days gone by."

That touch about "exponents of the fistic art" is really excellent; and old-fashioned people who may not have entertained any very high opinion of men who earned their living by bruising the countenance and person of their fellow-men, will please feel that they have been unjust to a class of worthy though misunderstood gentlemen. They will now be able to give another and more worthy explanation to the refusal of these noble soldiers of fortune to meet in combat the champions of an inferior race, especially such pariahs and outlaws of the ring as Johnson and Langford. The refusal is merely the expression of a refinement beyond the lure of purse or challenge.

* * *

PLAY ball! The round-up of players for the big American baseball teams has already started, and during the next few weeks there will be a steady stream of them going south for the preliminary games For some time past the papers all over the country have been devoting space to the consideration of team make-up, and have grown elated or depressed according as the home team got or lost a star player. But now the time is coming for actual work, and soon the voice of the umpire will be heard in the land.

There are something like five hundred and fifty players on the lists of the sixteen clubs of the major leagues. Many of them are, of course, new men who are being tried out—men who are at present unknown to the "fans" in the big centres, and who will perhaps never be known to them. Some of them will certainly make good and stay in fast company; but on the whole the spring lists are very different from those presented later on in the full swing of the championship season.

* * *

THE "spit ball" is now an established factor in baseball pitching. This last thing in twirling has come to stay. There was a lot of talk last fall about abolishing it, on the ground that its use was against the best interests of the game. But it is a difficult thing to put a bar to the advance of human inventiveness, even in a matter of sport; and the effect of such a prohibition would be a bad one. If the "damp delivery" is a bad thing, it will die out without having recourse to legislation. If it is a good one it will stay and will be gradually brought to perfection. Just now there are a number of big league pitchers using it. In New York alone five of the pitchers starting out with the Yankees are "spit ball" artists, while the Giants will have Bugs Raymond, who is supposed to throw the best "spitter" in the National League.

* * *

COLLEGE rowing is now demanding a share of attention, and work for the season seems to have already set in in earnest. Most of the American colleges now have their men at work on the rowing machines as a preliminary to practice on the water. At Columbia and Pennsylvania there is said to be a good deal of dissatisfaction on account of the lack of material, but the other big rowing colleges seem to be starting in with lots of confidence and good spirits.

* * *

AT last a bright genius has decided to combine two crazes in one great bid for the interest and patronage of the sporting public. This is E. H. Crowhurst, who is organizing the six-day team foot-race at Madison Square Garden. This event is to begin on March the eighth, and will be of an international character. Mr. Crowhurst is now touring Europe in the endeavor to get the best long distance men of the continent. The race will combine the interest which attaches to long distance walking and running with the interest aroused by six-day events, which have been so popular in recent years. In this contest France will be represented by Louis Orphee and Edouard Cibot, two of the fastest long distance "pros" in Paris Alexandre Navez and Albert Dome, both of Brussels, will make up the Belgian team. The Italians will be N. Palant and M. Ferri, and the Hollanders will be A. C. H. Vosbergen and W. W. running. A New Zealand paper contains the account of a five mile run won by an athlete named Mulcahey, who covered the distance in 23 minutes 45 seconds. The significance of the performance can best be guaged when it is told that the world's best mark is 24 minutes 33 2-5 seconds, made by Shrubb five years ago, and the American outdoor mark is 52 seconds slower than Britain's. This is certainly "going some," and there are a good many sceptical people who will wait till the time is verified and the distance measured, before they accept the new record. Nor would they necessarily be "doubting Thomases" either.

* * *

THE racing men of California have been hard hit by the anti-racing laws of that state, and it is said that several million dollars worth of property, without considering the great values in horses, are involved. Some idea of the amount of money invested in Californian tracks can be obtained when it is considered that over three-quarters of a million are invested in the Oakland track alone. This track, however, has been running since 1896, and as the earnings have always been very large, the original investment has been returned several times over. But some of the other investors in racing tracks have not been so fortunate, and the men who have money in the Santa Anita and Ascot Park tracks will be hard hit. Furthermore, hundreds of horsemen from the East and middle West now in California, owners of several thousands of thoroughbreds, will be rendered practically bankrupt by the anti-betting law. These men are for the most part professionals who have followed the turf as a livelihood for many years, and a great majority have no other means of subsistence.

* * *

AEROPLANING as a sport! That is the suggestion made by a contributor to Country Life in America. He says in part: "Popular as the automobile is, there are always young men who are willing to try something else. I know some of them personally. They are already talking of going into aeroplaning, and it will not be at all surprising to see fifty or a hundred machines in use over the country next fall.

"Aeroplaning is particularly and exclusively a country sport. It is impossible to fly in city or town, leaving danger out of consideration. For a young man of good physique and nerve, with fair athletic judgment and presence of mind, the aeroplane offers an opportunity for recreation that has just enough of the spice of danger and the very maximum of the 'rapture of pursuing' in it. The man who has at his disposal a country place with a considerable stretch of meadow, or of meadow with flat fields near by in which he can make a safe landing, can learn to fly in a short time with no great danger. A smooth driveway about two hundred feet long gives an ample runway for the start, using an aeroplane with bicycle wheels. Then he can fly over meadows and fields, keeping near the ground, and not going too high until keeping his machine under control has become a second nature to him.

"He will find flying the king of sports. Even at the very beginning the sense of resting on the air while you glide over it is one without a parallel. Then, when little puffs of air tip your machine and you must balance on your wings, there is another opportunity for exercising the faculties of tense muscle-control that the athlete who has trained his nerves and muscles together can appreciate to the full. Every nerve and every muscle in the body is on duty."

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TOUCHED!

By PETER O'DEE

Murph got red in the face and then he stammered.

"THESE a' the rooms. And now Ah'll just leave yo' two gentlemen to consideh this lit'l matteh between yo'selves. Ah'll await yo' response below."

And sweeping them a majestic curtsy, Mrs. Watkins, relict of a Southern colonel, who left her no means and the name of "one of the fust families, suh," slowly progressed out of the room. Walking is altogether too ordinary a term to express the stately movement of her spare, grey person.

"Whew;" said Jim softly, and looked at Murph'—otherwise Mr. John John P. Murphy.

"Southern gentlewoman," said Murph', with the air of a judge giving sentence, "you know the kind. Serves up the pedigree of the family for breakfast, dinner, and supper, with little stories of their adventures thrown in for dessert. Totes out all their glorious achievements whenever the steak is tough or the pancakes soggy. Guess there won't be too much grub here, and the atmosphere will be divilish refined. But I'm sick of poking around. Let's try it for a while anyway."

They gazed around at the dingy wall-paper, the dingy furniture, and all the weary array of worthless knick-knacks, which in the language of popular novelists "indicate the gentle presence of a woman." Then their eyes met.

"All right," said Jim with a sigh. "You do down and tell her."

"No, you go first. You are the large, handsome partner of this firm, and you'll make the best impression."

Jim was big and burly, with curly hair and blue eyes and a most ingenuous smile—"an innocent mug," as Murph' put it. Murph', on the contrary, was dark and short, wherefore he held himself very erect and cultivated an aggressive manner. He did most of the talking.

"But you have the gift of the gab," said Jim.

"Ah, there's no chance for eloquence here. So you'd better go. And by the way you better be ready to pay in advance. The aristocracy have a way of being mighty prudent when they take to running boarding houses. And say, hold on, I have an idea."

Murph' went down into his pocket and brought up a little wad of bills.

"How much you got?" he asked of Jim, who was gazing at him expectantly.

"Twenty simoleons or thereabouts. What's yours?"

"Thirty-seven. I drew yesterday. Here take it all with you. It always makes a good impression for a man to pay his little accounts by carelessly ripping a five or ten off a good chunk. You pay yours and then I'll go down and pay mine. She'll think we are a couple of captains of industry."

"Great!" cried Jim admiringly. And then after working the bills together into a very substantial looking roll with the big ones on the outside, he stepped gingerly out of the room. Murph' threw himself on the bed and waited.

Mrs. Watkins patrolled the front hall with an air of dignified resignation and a pair of very tight lips. She was experienced in the ways and wiles of boarders.

"Ahem!" began Jim after a formal exchange of bows. "I guess the rooms will suit us all right. We'll take them for a while anyway."

"Ah'm ve'y glad to heah that," and Mrs. Watkins smiled ingratiatingly, but her tone and look were distinctly enquiring. Jim waited.

"It is customa'y, Mistah ——?"

"Barret!"

"— Mistah Ba'et, for mah guests to settle theh lit'l accounts in advance."

"Oh, yes, yes, of course. I think you said your rates were five dollars a week?" and Jim as he spoke drew out the roll and peeled from it a fiver, at the same time negligently displaying such other bills of the same caliber as it boasted.

Mrs. Watkins' eyes gleamed and her smile grew torrid, as she pensively fingered her one lone bill and gazed longingly at the others.

"Oh, Mistah Ba'et," she said "Ah'm so glad to know that we all a' goin' to hev the addition of yo' and yo' friend's company to ouah lit'l family."

Jim threw back his coat, poked out his chest, bowed stiffly, and retired with extreme dignity.

"Now it's up to you, Murph'," said he on returning to the room. "It worked like a charm. In another minute she'd 'ave kissed me."

"Pshaw! that's no way to carry money," said that worthy taking the roll. "You have it all squeezed up like an old hunks. Here's the real nabob style."

He threw the wad on the floor, mussed the bills into a loose heap, and then stuffed them like so many rags into his outer coat pocket, leaving one or two ends to peep coyly out.

"Dat's de way me and Pierp Morgan does, see?"

Mrs. Watkins rushed forward effusively as he came downstairs.

"Yo' cha'ming friend has just told me that yo' all a' pleased with the rooms. Ah assuah yo', Ah'm delighted to hev two such gentlemen in mah house."

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Watkins," said Murph', smoothing out his grin with the palm of his hand. "The feeling is entirely mutual. But I just thought I'd slip down and settle for my room in advance. It's a mere trifle, of course, a mere trifle. But at the same time I always like to get these little accounts out of the way. Five dollars, I believe?"

Mrs. Watkins nodded, regretting that she hadn't said ten.

Murph' drew forth a ragged handful of greenbacks. He fluttered the bills about, as though he had difficulty in making a choice in all that display of wealth. Finally he drew out a fiver. Mrs. Watkins' eyes fairly bulged, and she moistened her lips greedily. Murph' started to ram the bills back. It was too much and she broke in.

"Oh, just a moment, Mistah —— Ah beg yo' pahden, but Ah don't believe yo' hev given me yo' name."

"Murphy —— John P. Murphy."

"Sholy not of the Mu'phy, of Mu'phy Hall, Viginiah, suh?"

"No—the Murphys, of the Bowery, New York."

"Perhaps a branch of the same family, suh." This with grave dignity. "But Ah just wanted to remahk, Mistah Mu'phy, that perhaps yo' wouldn't mind makin' me a trifling' loan of ten dollahs, as Ah hev a lit'l bill fallin' due this afte'noon and am unable to go down to the bank. It sholy won't be any inconvenience to yo', suh?"

It was, just the same, but what could he do? Murph' got red in the face and he stammered. But her gaze was compelling, as she looked alternately at his face and the incriminating bills in his hand. He surrendered the loot, amid a perfect torrent of aristocratic Southern gratitude. Then he crawled upstairs. Touched!

"Jim," he said, "we've been and gone and done it. She's stung me for a ten-spot!"

"Besides your board?"

Murph' nodded.

"Well, I'll be —— Murph', your ideas are rotten. We're doomed!"

They were, all right, all right. When they left some weeks later—the fond being somewhat too refined, not to say attenuated—the landlady was about twenty-five dollars ahead of the game.

Profits in Fiction.

THE "superstition" is common in the trade that the publishing and retailing of fiction is the most profitable part of the business; but, asserts The Publishers' Weekly (New York), "nothing could be further from the truth." Still, under this apprehension the industry has immensely increased. For 1908 the records show more than three hundred volumes in excess of the production of fiction in any previous year. Much of this is American fiction, we are told, and the remark is made that "no country in the world is turning out such an avalanche of fiction as America." This journal goes on to comment:

"A novel that sells by the hundred thousand is, of course, profitable; but to promote such a sale there is enormous expenditure, and the 'big seller,' especially of the second rank of success, is often a snare to the unwary publisher. He does not make out of it as much money as the big figures indicate, and it is apt to draw him into ventures which more than wipe off the profit on the great successes. The house which was notable for its success in handling the 'big sellers' did not find this class of publication so profitable as it seemed, and has put itself on a sounder basis by refraining from pushing sales to the extreme. Thousands of volumes of novels have gone to the clearance sale or scrap-heap because of the overproduction of fiction which the 'big seller' induced.

"It is greatly to be lamented that so large a number of the works of fiction of the past year obtained their sale because of other than their literary qualities—the salacious novel, whether under guise of a problem novel or straightforwardly objectionable, formed too large a proportion of American fiction publication last year. Doubtless money was made from some of it—but this is money that ought not to be made. It may be that these things as is suggested, go in waves; and it is devoutly to be wished that the wave of salacious fiction may be over.

"The publishing and bookselling trades are on their solidest basis when they deal with solid books, books that are books, books that are good for sale next year if they are not sold this year. We trust this will be kept before the mind of publishers and booksellers in the year of grace 1909."

The wonderful impetus given to affairs musical at the University this year by the formation of an orchestra, male chorus and glee club is being revealed in different ways. The musical renaissance, so to speak, has inspired some of the students with a love for composition to produce very creditable works. Among these Mr. Clayton E. Bush commands attention. He is the president of the Glee Club and conductor of the S. P. S. Octette. He has already composed a stirring college song, which has been arranged by Mr. Tripp, and which will be sung by the Male Chorus on Theatre night. At the request of Mr. Meir, conductor of the University Orchestra, Mr. Bush has consented to have another of his compositions, a march, arranged for the orchestra. This selection will be given at the orchestra concert in Convocation Hall on March 3.

The Prince of Wales is a very keen billiard-player, and plays a strong and scientific game. In early days he learnt principally at Sandringham. Now he has several tables of his own, but when he is in London, he very often goes to Prince's racquet and tennis club, which is situate in Knights-bridge, oposite the barracks, and plays on the excellent tables provided there. He is also fond of tennis. A good deal of fiction has been written, and more talked, about the Prince, but the fact is that he is a genial sportsman, with a clear brain, a quick and keen eye, and a firm hand.

"How did you contrive to cultivate such a beautiful black eye?" asked Brown.

"Oh!" replied Fogg, who had been practising upon roller-skates, "I raised it from a slip."—United Presbyterian.

She (on the Atlantic liner)—Did you observe the great appetite of that stout man at dinner? He—Yes; he must be what they call a stowaway. —Sacred Heart Review.

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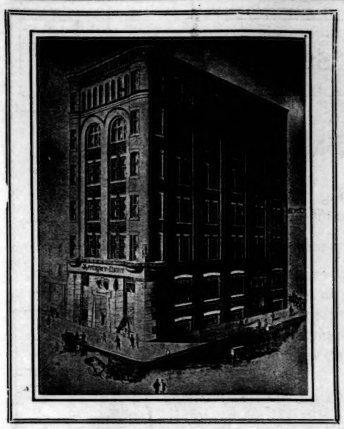

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Points About People.

Hon. J. M. Gibson and Law Reform.

IT seems rather the irony of fate that the most important announcement that Hon. John Morrison Gibson had to make on the first occasion when he presided over the opening of the Legislature as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario was with reference to law reform. It is noteworthy that the more distinguished the counsel the more willing he is to accept or to approve law reform. Perhaps he feels that he could make just as good a living were circuitous processes abolished, and that it would be only the small fry and the incompetents who would suffer.

At any rate, Hon. Mr. Gibson, who was a very fine lawyer, had hoped to crown his career as a publicist with a measure of law reform. In the waning days of the Ross administration, when some of his colleagues were wrestling with the problem of how to hang on to power, he spent six months in devising a measure of law reform which was comprehensive and in a large degree admirable. He had reckoned without his hosts, however, and without consideration of the evenly divided state of political parties in this province. Now it is well known that in at least two-thirds of the constituencies of Ontario the political organization of the district is in the hands of lawyers, and all over the province the mandate came to the Government that this measure must not pass, else they would kick over the apple-cart. The Conservative Opposition, while in favor of law reform, saw victory almost within their grasp, and were not disposed to sacrifice a good plank by coming to the assistance of their opponents. Moreover, in the heat of the fight then going on, some of the Ministers had received hard blows from the newspapers, which, in the case of Mr. Gibson especially, were not quite just.

In the measure were included a couple of clauses drawing even closer the restraint put upon newspapers by the existing libel laws of Ontario. There was at once a storm of protest; not against the general measure but against these two clauses. The protest of the press gave the Premier the requisite excuse, and, though the Attorney-General had pressed the statute on which he had bestowed so much thankless labor through to the committee stage, Hon. G. W. Ross arose one day and announced that the Government had decided to withdraw the measure. Then the power of the legal profession was understood. The disappointed colleague did not open his lips, but simply sat with his well-known sphinx-like expression on his countenance.

But the whirligig of time has brought him the privilege of assenting to a measure of law reform, even though he did not himself devise it. An immense majority on the Government benches is undoubtedly a situation not without its evils; but law reform would have been an airy dream without it.

Stories Told by Mendelssohn Choir Members.

A GOOD many humorous incidents are generally related in connection with the annual series of concerts given by the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto. This season has brought out the usual crop, and although they are for the most part of the sort that lose point and seem rather trivial when dragged into print, some of them are worth telling here.

At the Thursday night concert, the Governor-General, accompanied by his party, was present, and when he arose to leave, Mr. Stock, the leader of the orchestra, was on his feet, just about to conduct a number. Now the Theodore Thomas Orchestra is, like all other similar organizations of rank in America, composed of Europeans, some of whom speak but little English. When Earl Grey started to leave the hall, the choir and the audience, of course, stood. Mr. Stock, baton in hand, looked around in amazement, not comprehending the situation, and so did his men. Then one of the musicians leaned back and addressed one of the sopranos in the front row of the choir.

"What you stand up for?" he whispered all curiosity.

"Why, the Governor-General is leaving," the chorister replied.

"Going away?" queried the player, still at sea. "Is he going far?"

On the same evening a guest of one of the choir members—a lady from out of town—attended the concert, and was afterwards asked by her hostess how she liked it, and whether she had seen the Governor-General. From where she sat the visitor could see His Excellency and get a glimpse of one of his aides. She said:

"Oh, the concert was fine, and I saw the Governor-General all right. But it was the funniest thing—one of the gentleman with him had a smoking-jacket on!"

After the final concert a young lady from a small town who is something of an authority on things musical in her home community, was discussing the different programmes given, with a friend who belongs to the choir. She made some reference to the "back numbers." The singer, as everyone may imagine, who has any idea of the *esprit de corps* of Dr. Vogt's great organization, in a tone of dignified amusement, asked her friend's meaning. Then she discovered that the visitor's comment had simply resulted from the fact that in her town the name of the composer Bach is given a pronunciation somewhat different from that generally heard in Toronto musical circles.

John Shaw's Change of Face.

ON Monday a friend met Mr. John Shaw, the new member for North Toronto, in the corridor of the Parliament buildings en route to take the oath and sign the roll. He noticed that the last vestige of his whiskers which were once an issue in municipal politics had disappeared.

"Well, well, John, are you running for Bishop?" he asked.

"No, I'm just going in for facial reform," said the genial ex-mayor.

Darwinism in Canada.

TIMES have indeed changed when a celebration such as that of the centenary of Charles Darwin, by the Canadian Institute last Saturday night, could take place in the city of Toronto. While it was not given under the auspices of Toronto University, every speaker was a professor of that institution, and the speeches were made in one of the buildings of the establishment. What would the late Bishop Strachan, who had so much to do with the early history of the colleges from which the present federated institution has developed have thought had he been present in spirit and listened to the tolerant discussion of Darwin's theories by foremost educationists!

Within the memory of the present generation the two great universities of Canada were presided over by anti-Darwinians; Toronto by Sir Daniel Wilson, and McGill by Sir Wm. Dawson. It is true that even at this late date the committee were unable to obtain a theologian who cared to open up old wounds by delivering an address on the scientist's relation to theology; but much water has slipped over the stones since Henry Ward Beecher was able to provoke a rancorous controversy in this city by simply tolerating Darwin in his lecture "Evolution and Revolution."

Perhaps the most rabid anti-Darwinian who has been on the staff of Toronto University of late years was a learned professor of German nationality who has since gone elsewhere. Despite his immense scholastic equipment, he had a dialect which proved that that of Louis Mann in "The Telephone Girl" was not exaggerated, and whether it was that, being a German, he was unwilling to admit that any good could come out of England, or whether he was by nature a reactionary, Darwinian theories used to throw him into a paroxysm of anger. He would stride from one end of the platform to the other uttering explosively this syllogism "Der surfival off der fiddest; der surfival off der fiddest; vat does dat mean? It means dat dat vich surfives is der fiddest; vich is nonsense." And his logic sounds pretty good at that.

The Indian and the Missionary.

AMONG the workless men who have stormed the Toronto City Hall this winter, there have been some tactless ones who might learn a lesson in diplomacy by reading a story that is told by a certain missionary who was here recently. This missionary at one time labored among a tribe of northern Indians, and it was his custom to bring out such refreshments as he was possessed of when any of his converts from a distance visited him, and sometimes cider was included.

An old man, who made no pretension to being a Christian, had heard of the good man's hospitality, and he proposed to some of his converted friends to accompany them on their next visit to him. They explained that he must be a Christian first. He inquired what that meant, and they told him he must know all about the Bible.

When the time came the old Indian declared himself prepared, and undertook the journey with them. When the party arrived at the home of the missionary, he seated himself close to the latter, wrapped in his blanket, and looking exceedingly serious. In answer to an inquiry from his host, he rolled up his eyes and solemnly uttered the following words, pronounced in his own fashion, with a pause between each:

"Adam—Eve—Cain—Noah—Jeremiah—Beelzebub—"

"What do you mean?" asked the missionary, astonished.

"Solomon—Beelzebub—Noah—" again began the old fellow.

"Stop, stop," cried the missionary; "what in the world do you mean?"

"Cider," quoth the Indian solemnly.

Mr. M. S. McCarthy's Popularity.

ON Monday of this week a despatch from Calgary was published in the Eastern press to the effect that Mr. Maitland S. McCarthy, M.P., for Calgary, had been unanimously nominated by the Conservatives of Alberta, in convention, as provincial leader of the party. When seen by newspaper correspondents at Ottawa, Mr. McCarthy expressed surprise at the offer, and intimated that he was undecided as to its acceptance. Later, however, the announcement was made that he cannot resign his seat in the Commons to enter Alberta politics for the reason that his election has been protested; for it appears that a protest constitutes a legal objection to resignation.

Mr. McCarthy, if he chooses to remain in public life, will no doubt be raised to a very prominent place in the counsels of his party. Previous to the last Dominion election, he decided to drop out of politics, as he found his journeyings to Ottawa interfered seriously with his law practice in Calgary. In this decision, however, he was overpowered by his legion of friends. And now that his party in Alberta is in need of reorganization, it is to Mr. McCarthy that it turns for leadership.

The popularity of the young member for Calgary is easily understood. He not only has talent of a high order, but all who have met him, even casually, are impressed by his sincerity and soundness of judgment. As to his qualifications in the political field, of course, he comes by them naturally. D'Alton McCarthy, who was one of the most unique figures in Canadian public life, was his uncle; and Mr. Leighton McCarthy, of Toronto, who succeeded the noted Equal Righter as the representative of North Simcoe, retiring last election, is a cousin of the Calgary McCarthy.

"Count Bertie" and His Lawyer.

"COUNT BERTIE" GREGORY is of Toronto and Vienna, but generally of the former. This aristocratic person was sent to jail just recently for sixty days of hard labor, which latter was equivalent to the guillotine. The inconsiderate man had fleeced Toronto merchants by getting goods and giving bad cheques. His mistake was in giving anything in payment, for he might to-day be as free as you or I.

One cloudy, rainy, and muddy Sunday about two years ago, Count Bertie's lawyer, tired of being pestered, and sick of fighting cases without payment, determined he would get his client out of the way for a year, if the only recourse was a desperate one. So he had Central ring the Count's imperial 'phone in his sumptuous hall bedroom.

"Hello; that Count Gregory?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Mr. Jones, the lawyer, speaking," greatly excited. "Just got a tip from detective department. Whole police force is out looking for you with three *green* warrants, and the only thing for you is to clear out of town immediately."

The Count's Austrian conscience quickly conjured up his mottled past and he grew sore afraid.

"I shall take the next train for Detroit," he suggested.

"All trains closely watched," warned the lawyer, by this time quite out of countenance with mirth; "better try catching the express at Weston twelve miles from here. It's your only hope."

Count Bertie rang off. He heard the rain splashing down in torrents; he saw the rivers of mud that grew worse away out in the country. But the three *green* warrants took on the shapes of demons and he marched out bravely with a few clothes in a satchel. When he clambered aboard that train at Weston, he was literally plastered with turnpike mud, and his fine clothes were bedraggled and torn. But the lawyer won his point; Count Bertie did not return for seven lovely months.

A Youthful Observer.

WHO will declare that children are not acute observers of existing social conditions, after reading the following anecdote. A little Toronto tot of five years was taken to church for the first time, and for a week afterwards was full of the experience, especially since she had been extremely good and was proud of the fact. She was relating the episode to a grown-up admirer.

"Who went to church with you?" she asked.

"Mamma and auntie and my big sister," she replied.

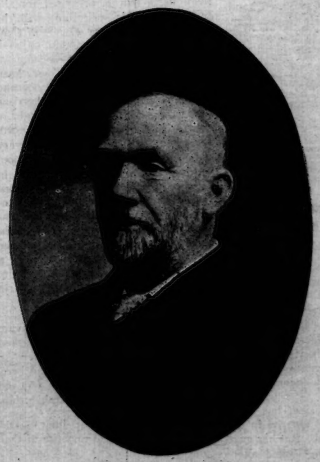
"And was papa there?" proceeded the inquisitive one.

"Oh! no; mens don't go to church," was the prompt response.

When Civic Chiefs Dined and Drank.

THE unemployed have been making some caustic criticisms of late concerning the annual feast of the Toronto City Council after its inaugural meeting. This "spread," as it is known in City Hall corridors, costs just about $100, though there are hardly ever more than fifty guests present. Some of the aldermen do not attend, but nearly every civic departmental chief is generally on hand.

But this bit of so-called extravagance is a mere incident in comparison with the great and famous feasts held in the days of old, away back about '78. In the old St. Lawrence Hall, after the Court of Revision had finished its work for the year, there would be feasting for days and nights. Sometimes it lasted nearly a week. The men in the places of municipal power would invite their friends, and the latter were by no means loath to lunch at the expense of the city. Liquid refreshment was provided in abundance—in fact, the long tables down the hall were loaded with all kinds of meats, fowl, and bottles. A caterer was engaged for the occasion. There were some, too, who dined and drank not wisely but too well. At last things became almost a public scandal, and it was finally abolished.



HON. THOMAS CRAWFORD
Re-elected Speaker of the Ontario Legislature for the present session.

Old civic officials tell fondly of the days when Angus Morrison was Mayor. It was his habit to make a tour of the Hall, drop in at each office, stand erect in his own dignified manner, and announce in his own peculiar and stately style of expression:

"Gentlemen, the Mayor of Toronto invites you to dine with him!"

This invitation was meant for one and all—from the civic chief to the clerk at $9 per week. And most of them accepted.

Police English.

TO anyone who frequently has occasion to converse in a friendly way with a policeman on the beat, it must appear that one of their minor duties is to disrupt the English language. Police English is full of quaint, though expressive terms and curious compound phases. Was it not Big Chief Devery, of New York, who invented the term "Chesty," which has since passed into general usage? Every night, when the reporters are receiving the late calls, something refreshing, though always printable, falls from the lips of the stalwarts. One example:

There was a feast at the opening of the new police station the other night and the verbal invitation to the function was as follows:

"Come along; it'll be great; we're going to have a phoney-gram there; it'll be the orchestry."

Making a "Joyful Noise."

REV. DR. J. H. HAZLEWOOD, the popular pastor of High Park Avenue Methodist Church, is an Irishman, and many a phrase in his sermons betrays his Irish sense of humor.

One Sunday night recently he was advising his flock to join in the hymn-singing. He said he liked good congregational singing. He knew there were some who were not sweet singers, but he would not have them keep silence. To them he would say:

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord—but don't make it too loud."

Nearly a Tragedy.

THERE was much excitement and some well grounded alarm at a fashionable Toronto pension one day this week. A box of quinine tablets had been left within reach of the two-year old child of the house, and when its abstraction was discovered, the contents, about a dozen pills, had disappeared. The worst was feared, and a telephone message from the doctor assured the anxious parents that if baby had swallowed the pellets he was poisoned. A time-honored, home-brewed medicine was promptly administered, and the boy was stood on his head and urged to be ill.

Like Rudyard Kipling's navvy, who was not poisoned, but merely intoxicated, the little lad wondered what it was all about, but before the stage of violent protest was reached, the whole twelve quinine pills had been located in various corners of the hall, and all the remedial activity subsided.

An Interesting Prospective Wedding.

A MARRIAGE of more than the usual social interest to people in Ontario will take place shortly in New York. This will be the wedding of Mr. Matthew Astor Wilks, of Galt, and Miss Sylvia Green, only daughter of Mrs. Hetty Green, the famous woman financier of New York.

Both the contracting parties in this prospective event have rather remarkable family connections. Oddly enough very few people in Ontario know much about the Wilks family, of Galt. Their home, Cruickston Park, is an imposing one. Its mistress is Miss Katherine Langdon Wilks, who, any well-informed horseman will tell you, is one of the best judges and largest owners of thoroughbreds, not only in Canada, but in America. Mr. M. A. Wilks, who is to wed Miss Green, was reared at the Galt home, but for some years he has lived in New York, where he is a well-known horseman and a member of a number of big clubs, such as the Knickerbocker and the Union.

Kept His Eye on the Collection Plate.

THE alertness of many a modern minister to watch the coin coming in from his congregation was well illustrated at a west end Methodist Church last Sunday night. Revival services had been in progress for a couple of weeks, and a preacher at present without a charge had assisted the pastor. The latter announced to his flock that Mr. W—— had been promised nothing, had asked for nothing. He had offered his services, though they might have been paid for elsewhere. The congregation could show its appreciation of his help by giving him a liberal envelope collection.

During all this eulogy the preacher in question kept his eyes carefully closed, as if in deprecation of his brother-clergyman's remarks of praise.

But when the ushers got their collection plates his eyes opened, and he followed with some interest the progress of this important part of the service.

Many in the congregation noticed it and smiled.

He Stood in with the Orangemen.

JOHN O'NEIL, the new alderman from Ward Two, has the enviable record of being a devout Roman Catholic in religion, and yet drawing much of his support from the Orangemen and Protestants of his ward. They have known him for years as one who held out the hand to any man—no matter what his creed—if he needed help.

In fact, so broad is he that they gleefully tell in Ward Two about a certain silk hat that John bought twenty years ago, and has worn only once or twice. But every Twelfth of July that hat has proudly paraded to the Fair Grounds in the Orange procession, on the head of "Billy" Walker, a noted Orange friend of the alderman.

When Mr. O'Neill ran a hotel in Ward Two it was the practice of the officers of L.O.L. No. 711, to use one of his rooms for their committee meetings, with the full consent and approval of Mine Host O'Neill. Little wonder that he won out in the aldermanic contest!

NESTS OF THE WILD DUCK

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

Photographs by the Author

Nest of the Black Duck.

Setting Blue-winged Teal.

Nest of the Hooded Merganser (little saw- bill duck).

NEAR where the town of Red Deer now stands, in the early summer of '94, I met a prairie schooner creaking its way south behind a most disreputable looking pair of sad-eyed greys. Its owner, long, lank, and also of the sad-eyed variety, mournfully offered me a share of his morning meal. I was astounded at his prodigality, as he put egg after egg into the old blackened tin pot. I even ventured to remark that I was not unusually hungry To allay my apprehension he calmly pointed to the tire of the old wagon. Assisted by his guiding remarks I found several places where the yolk and whites of broken eggs had dried the shell to the wood. While we ate the rich-tasting eggs he told me how he obtained them. Coming south from Lesser Slave Lake he had found the ground liberally covered with nests of the wild ducks. In several places he had crushed into the nests hidden in the wild grasses. From his description of the ducks I was led to believe they were Mallards and Widgeon. Last year while I was searching for the nests of the wild duck in Ontario I bethought me of this prairie mariner and wished fondly that the nests were as plentiful here as in far off Alberta.

Conditions here are different. Nearby civilization makes the cautious mallard, the silent flying Hooded Merganser and the swift teal, seek the most secluded places to build cunningly laid nests. Fritz says they must do it on purpose. In this view I frankly agree. We had before us as the ground of our search a twenty-five-mile valley. In the centre ran a swift, deep river; on either side were long marshes, intersected by many a creek. The shores and higher lands were clothed with cedar and fir, pine and poplar, oak, elm and birch—an ideal place for the nesting birds.

Fritz, the fat boy, was armed with a camera, a box of connecting tubes and a most desperate appetite. I contented myself with the large machine and the cord attachments. Our daily supplies, selected by Fritz, consisted of rolls of film, much handier than plates for this work—food—note books—food—camera floats, where the machine had to be set in the water before the nest, food, sharp hunting knives and axes to cut the brush away in the line of focus, and for other wild grasses and shrubs to build "hides" to hold the camera and more food. The amount of truck that was daily piled into that long olive green canoe would have supported a whole family.

The month was April. The air held that invigorating quality that adds zest to every action; the bright, clear skies were kindly fashioned for photography. All the woodlands threw off that sweet, piny odor; the waters sparkled and the birds sang. As we sat before the camp fire that threw its leaping red flames weakly into the glancing sun's rays, we could see before us, and by the aid of our big glass, three varieties of wild ducks that breed in this locality. The mouth of a creek lay in the immediate foreground; the debris, swept down the rising water, had piled up on the shallows. On a loaded cedar trunk sat a magnificent specimen of the Mallard, a drake. By the power of our telescope we could bring the handsomely marked bird so close that we could see its bright, watchful eyes. The bill was yellow, almost to green, the rich full head a glossy changeful mass of greens and blacks. Around his well nourished neck a perfect collar of pure white described a circle. Below this there was a patch of feathers that glowed beneath the sun in all the warm colors of the chestnuts and reds. His back was a study in browns and greys, his breast a wavy line of delicate black tracings on snowy feathers; his wing marks threw off shades of purplish blue. And to use up the balance of the color box his feet were a brilliant reddish orange.

It only needed a shift of the glass, and a rest of tired eyes and strained arms, ere we brought into the object glass another handsome bird, but much differently marked; yes, and as rare as the proverbial hen's teeth. Why these male Blue-wing Teal are also seldom seen, while such numbers of the females are killed is completely beyond my powers of observation. In these temperate latitudes, in the fall, we kill great numbers of blue-wings, nearly all of them females or very young, imperfectly plumaged males. Where do the adult males go? What route do they take on the southern migration. In the last five years especially I have not seen a single drake blue-wing. If this question evokes an answer from some fortunate observer of the drakes we will be much obliged.

The blue-winged drake now seen through the glass had a pure black head, with a white crescent on it. The neck was tinged from slate to lavender, the body was a medley of browns, black and buff, streaked on the wing with the lightest of sky blue and the most metallic brilliant green. Some patches of white nestled amid all this riot of color, and the breast that floated so lightly on the water was dotted and spotted from neck to tail in black on a feathery ground of reddish buff.

Fritz said: "Why that one's got a nightcap on." I caught the drake through the glass. It was a hooded Merganser. On top of its head a large crest of white feathers edged with black made the cap that had fooled the lad. The rest of its body, neck, breast, wings and sides were a clear-cut series of black and white lines, some on a cinnamon ground, bright yellow eyes and a shining black bill. The closer one studies the family of game birds the more convinced he is that they are the most beautifully clothed of all the birds of the air.

Laughingly I told Fritz to go and find the nests of these three breeds and tell me what the females looked like in the spring. Many a hard day's work lay between us and the photographic completion of this task. We had heard the rich quack of the drake Mallard in many a creek and on many an island, and Fritz had watched a pair through the glass for hours. He told of how they had swum up and down along the island's shores, carefully examining every bush, stone and tree for hidden enemies—and truly this poor bird has a legion of them. Then the male left the water, and both he and the duck waddled laboriously up the steep bank of the island, picking up a snail or an early grub at every step, for these greedy birds feed all the time. They stood as still as if cut from stone, once they were on the summit of the bank. Then they cautiously advanced, searching, spying, watching, the female, less timorous of the two, passed out of sight often as she investigated the hidden places beneath the cedars and firs, looking for a spot well endugh covered to thoroughly conceal her from the down-peering eyes of hawks and crows, and also from the keen gaze of mink and weasel. All these she dreaded, but the one little enemy, the sparrow, that robs all the ducks' nests she could not guard against. Else she desired of her nesting place one exit through which she could rapidly jump to wing when the enemy was within a close six feet.

We paddled over there next day. At the root of some ironwoods, where much sumach grew, and the poison ivy had sprouted luxuriantly, there was a spot raked bare, as though one had gathered from off it all the dried leaves and twigs. I firmly believe she had scratched this surface coat off to allow the soil to dry, as the nights were cold so early in May, and she did not wish to sit every night on the daily laid egg—until the number was sufficient to attract her maternal instincts. On this spot next day there was gathered a number of dry leaves, a few vagrant bits of dead moss, many pine needles. Another day found the mass arranged into shape of a nest and the wall beginning to grow—and concealed in the center, under a warm covering of feathers and leaves, was the first big green tinted white egg. Day after day the nest wall grew, feather-woven, the material plucked from the breast of this loving mother bird, until the wall was all too high and fell over towards the outside. When this clever duck left her nest one or two dabs with her bill turned this feathered wall completely over and covered the eggs. The outside of it was so covered with leaves that in this position the nest was not an atom different from the leaf-strewed woods about it.

The Hooded Merganser took us far up the river again. She is an uncertain bird, just as liable to build in the flat fork of a tree twenty feet from the ground, in the broken hollow top of an old rotten pine stub, as on the ground; yet we found her nest right on the shore. She sat until we got a good peep at her through the glass; then she leaped and sped away through the woods on almost silent wing, calling back "Quack, quack, quack," as if begging us not to touch it. The nest was too exposed, but would be hidden later when the willows took on their coat of green. We pictured it and promptly surrounded it with many a branch and shore-tossed shrub, to conceal it from her many enemies. I watched carefully to see if our naturally scattered nest-cover would affect or frighten her at all. It did not seem to. She had her initial difficulty of finding the eggs thus hidden, but her sense of locality was perfect, and she was on the eggs ere our canoe rounded the point of land that margined the creek.

The duck of the blue-winged teal is a much more soberly clad bird than her lord and master. See her setting on the well-hidden nest in the beaver grass and wire-willow—a nest it cost us many hours to find. The eggs were smaller than the Merganser's, and they in turn were smaller than the Mallard's. I think all naturalists and hunters have a peculiar love for this dainty little duck. She appeals so to you by her very defencelessness.

Before we leave this breeding ground let me show you a pair of young Loons, seated comfortably on the top of an abandoned muskrat house that forms their nest. Aggressive little rascals from the egg up, they savagely pecked at my hand as I vainly tried to pet them. Once the machine snapped there was a scramble, a splash, a few bubbles, and the place that knew them once knew them no more for ever. It is astonishing the diving power the young of all the aquatic birds have. Time and time again I have seen youngsters scramble out of the nest, before the feathers of its lately hatched body were dry, and dive and swim like an adult bird.

I might have had an excellent picture to add to this set—a Hooded Merganser on her nest, but a little lapse of Fritz's prevented this. It was an extremely hot day when we paddled up the ten-mile stretch to secure her photograph. The bird leaped from her nest on our approach. Rapidly I set and concealed the camera, then I connected the tubes, threw up a pile of brush, put in a couple of cushions for Fritz; and, bidding him press the bulb the moment she was settled on the nest, I left him for a bit of work I had to do five miles further up. It was well on towards seven p.m. ere my canoe again approached the little creek where Fritz was waiting, I supposed, with the new picture of the bird. I landed the craft far down the creek and slowly walked up the bank, as not seeing the lad moving led me to suppose he must be hidden for another picture, so as I neared the pile of brush that concealed him I fell onto my hands and knees and silently made my way in behind it. Then I heard the long sputtering snore of the fat boy and as I raised myself to look down into the hide to see him, with a sudden whir of wings the over patient Merganser jumped and flew into the darkening woods—but let us draw the curtain on this sad scene. Picture we had none, as he had slept peacefully all the afternoon, but I never saw a bowman put in better work for miles than Fritz did that night.

A Fable.

IN the twilight world before the dawn there were ape-like hairy creatures, the fathers of men. They tore their food and fought their enemies with their hands And there was no law for them but the fierce, mad law of the jungle.

Once in one of their tribes there was born an ape strangely different from the others. He did not fight or hunt or love as they did—a strange, brooding, melancholy ape, who followed not the laws of the tribe and did not live the tribal life. So they watched him with hatred and suspicion.

In the land of the tribe there was a cliff, a sheer rock face of sandy stone. And before it this ape would sit moping, his eyes full of a wild longing. The others would come in groups and mock him, chattering and pelting him with clods after the fashion of their kind.

Many times did this ape essay to climb the face of the cliff, and he cut into it with a flint strange, scrawled designs—crude, with the elemental crudity of ape-man. And often as he climbed he lost his grasp and fell, and lay breathless and bleeding among the rocks at the foot of the precipice. But the others merely mocked and chattered the more.

Higher and higher went his rock pictures, as he learned in time to climb. And then came one supreme day when he went up and up, fiercely cutting the rock as he went. Slowly the huge figure of his dream took shape on the face of the cliff, and the tribe huddled at its foot grew still for once as they gazed. Now the work was done at last, and the artist-ape hung far up on the cliff and gazed own at his brothers. They could see the light slowly fade from his eyes and they knew that he trembled as he looked down. Then their mockery broke out afresh that he should be afraid—he who had gone so high and had cut those strange shapes. They mowed at him and hooted and danced weird dances of mockery. Sick and dizzy as he was, he understood their suspicion and hatred and contempt. And the mad rage of the jungle filled his heart. He swung one arm free in wild malediction and howled in his fury. Then his hold slipped and he fell, clutching the empty air. Down and down he came, turning as he dropped, until at last he crashed on the jagged rocks at the foot of the cliff and died. The others who had hurried away at his fall then came back, and seizing pieces of stone hurled them at his body, mocking him.

Soon it was covered and all trace of him passed away—all but the pictures on the cliff. They remained. And in time they came to have mysterious meanings of beauty and of terror for the tribe, who finally worshipped them as gods. The heap of rock under which lay the body of the artist-ape became their holy place, which they covered with green boughs and fruit. And all this was a step in their development towards man.

But development is slow, and it is a far cry to Superman. One hundred years ago in this modern world—so far advanced beyond the twilight world of ape-man—there was born a poet. He did not walk with common men but with majestic and terrible creatures of dream. He climbed, too, and strove that he might carve his visions before the eyes of his brothers. But they mocked him and pointed in scorn. And in time he grew dizzy on his lonely height, and his hand trembled, and his eye lost its light. Rage and despair filled his heart; and he, too, fell down and down to the hard rocks below and was killed. Then the others pelted him in their mockery and hatred. "Drunkard!" they threw at him, and "Profligate!" But the pictures remained, and the appeal of their majestic beauty grew with the years, till men saw that their author was a great genius. Then they brought their gifts of love and admiration and laid them on the dishonored tomb of Edgar Allan Poe. But we are a great and enlightened people—and this fable has no moral.

PETER O'DEE.

AT THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL.
Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Grey, enjoying the sports.

Wanted! A Book About Hope.

WHAT, in the opinion of that discriminating London weekly, Public Opinion, is one of the most suggestive books of criticism published in recent years has just been issued in England. It is entitled "The New Word," and its writer is Mr. Allen Upward.

It seems that it was published anonymously some years ago in "an outlandish garb," and secured recognition by a discerning few. In its new dress it should secure a wide reading.

The "new word" which gives the title to the book is the word "Idealism," and the theme of the book is suggested by the remarkable will of Alfred Nobel, the maker of dynamite, who died in 1896. He left his estate to be invested and the interest divided into five equal amounts, given to those who made valuable discoveries in physics, chemistry, and medicine, also one part to the person who promoted the fraternity of nations.

But we are concerned with that share which was to be given "to the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most distinguished work of an idealist tendency."

Some of Mr. Upward's finest things are said in appreciation of the insight which led Nobel to make this award to literature.

"Nobel," he says, "is the first philanthropist who has desired to benefit *the forerunners of the race* as well as the laggards, and who has seen that in benefiting them he would benefit all the rest.

"In reality there are two kinds of outcasts. Man in his march upward out of the deep into the light throws out a vanguard and a rearguard, and both are out of step with the main body.

"Of these two classes of victims the stragglers are not more in need than the forlorn hope; but the ambulance has always waited in the rear. Even the loafer and the criminal have found friends; the thinker and the discoverer have been left to the struggle for existence . . . Nobel had the courage not to be afraid of genius and the wisdom to see that whatever is conferred on it really is conferred on all mankind. . . . . There is hardly any class which gives so much to humanity and receives so little in return as the class of men of letters."

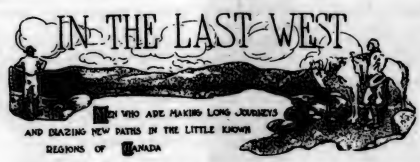
"Nobel wished to give eight thousand pounds a year among the writers of new texts. That was his dream. His madness lay there. Humanity is not mad to spend one hundred millions a year on phonographs. Nobel was mad to offer these few thousands for *a living voice*. . . . The challenge is a challenge to the idealists, to show that they also are contributing to benefit mankind."

Mr. Upward sets out to discover what Nobel meant by idealism and what considerations should govern the award of this great prize.

"The Idealist of our day works, like the mediæval alchemist, by stealth and in dread of men, and his books are not sound and sensible. In the last generation an admired idealist wrote many books in praise of mediæval churches and manners and mediæval hopes. Had this admired writer thoroughly asked himself the question: To what end do we build to-day; what is our best hope; and in what building may we express it best? had he gone to work in that spirit, then, although his search had ended in the bottom of a drain, he might have helped his fellows to build a better drain and been, not a preacher, but a teacher.

"On this head Nobel wanted works that would help men to hope."

CONVENTION OF THE CANADIAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION, HELD IN TORONTO RECENTLY.
Reading from left to right those in the front row (sitting) are: Messrs. Knechtel, of Ottawa; Whitman, of Nova Scotia; Bergevin, of Montreal; Little, of Montreal; Grimmer, of New Brunswick; Snowball, of New Brunswick; Cochrane, of Toronto; and Edwards, of Toronto. Dean Fernow is behind Senator Edwards. Photograph by Milton Adamson.



AN interesting instance of the capacity of the West in the matter of assimilation is seen in the development in the educational institutions of Winnipeg of a Rhodes scholar who is an Icelander by birth. This young man, Skuli Johnson, was, when one year old, brought to Canada by his parents, who settled in Saskatchewan. Later the family moved to Winnipeg, where the lad attended the public schools and then went to Wesley College. Now, after a brilliant course in classics, he has won the provincial Rhodes scholarship. The young man intends, after his term at Oxford, to return to Canada with the hope of securing a professorship in one of the higher institutions of learning.

* * *

MANY of our readers may remember an account of a journey performed by Mr. and Mrs. Bezanson and Miss Lois Robillard, of Ottawa, last winter. They left Edmonton by team and covered sleigh, traveling three hundred and twenty-five miles north up the Peace River Valley. The sleigh was fitted up like a camp, with a stove and other comforts. The journey ended in perfect safety, and the party settled at the Tepee Ranch in the Grand Prairie District, where Mr. Bezanson has a large interest in land.

Word has just arrived in Ottawa

Honeymoon Outfit in the Last West.

and Toronto of the sad death of Mrs. Bezanson, on December 30 last.

It speaks volumes for the spirit this western country imbues when it is related that Miss Robillard undertook a 35 mile drive over the prairie to Flying Shot, the nearest settlement alone with her poor sister's week-old baby to get help for the child and bring a priest back for the burial.

Mrs. Bezanson was formerly Dorothy Robillard, daughter of Dr. A. Robillard, twenty-two years medical health officer for Ottawa. She was a graduate of the nursing staff of New York Hospital and a clever musician. In Ottawa she was considered one of the prettiest of the Capital's Canadiennes. She went to Edmonton to practice her profession in 1907, and was married shortly after to A. M. Bezanson, a Westerner. Dr. Robillard joined his daughters at the Tepee Ranch last summer. Both ladies were accomplished horsewomen and handy with the rifle. Miss Lois Robillard, the younger daughter is the last surviving member of Dr. Robillard's family of six children five of whom died after maturity.

* * *

GOWGANDA is not a Last West "proposition" exactly, but it is a much talked of spot in what, after all, may be called newer Canada, with which this department aims to deal. Gowganda will, it may be presumed, soon have a newspaper of its own. In the meantime The Daily Northern Star, of Sudbury, is acting as one of the spokesmen for the new camp. The Star at present is urging the necessity for a Recorder there. A prospector, as yet, in order to record his claim, has to travel thirty-two miles over the worst kind of trail at an expense of at least ten dollars. This, the Star points out, is a hardship which the Department of Mines might make haste to remedy.

* * *

A DESPATCH from Lethbridge, Alberta, is significant. The recent district convention of the United Mine Workers of America will go on record as being a very important one. The constitution has extended to all miners without regard to nationality, except Chinese and Japanese, to unite with the union. After a hot debate a resolution was passed striking out the words "except Chinese and Japanese." This admits all Asiatics to the union.

* * *

IN the East one frequently hears it said that a dollar in Ontario is worth two dollars in the West. The Winnipeg Telegram refutes this idea, and in discussing the subject says:

Intelligent newcomers or travellers interested in the economic conditions of Western Canada are confronted with the assertion frequently met with in Eastern Canada that Winnipeg is an expensive city to live in.

The reasonable and correct reply to that assertion is that Winnipeg is as expensive as the resident wishes to make it and that if the impression has grown that it is more costly to live in Winnipeg than in other Canadian cities which are capable of reasonable comparison the responsibility largely lies to some extent with the individual citizen of Winnipeg himself.

The Winnipegger is not prone to little economies just as the Western farmer of a few years ago considered himself a wheat grower and looked upon mixed farming, the cultivation of vegetables, the laying out of a flower garden and the planting of trees as mere trifling side lines in agricultural development.

The Western Canadian farmer is changing and it may be that the citizens of Winnipeg will realize that what has given reason to the charge that life in Winnipeg is necessarily costly is due to thoughtless extravagance in small things and indifference to take advantage of many reasonable means of economy and opportunities of supplementing the usual wage or income.

Winnipeg is or should be the market place of an area of country that produces the best food stuffs, vegetables, cattle, etc., in the world and it would be astonishing if these cannot be produced on as advantageous terms as in other centres less fortunately situated to the source of supply.

The citizen of Winnipeg walks less and utilizes the street car more than do people of other cities.

If a Winnipegger finds this city more expensive to live in than other Canadian centres it will often be found that his own little extravagances and indifference at least are factors that contribute to the increased cost.

* * *

ONE of the Ottawa newspapers refers to the fact that the member of the House of Commons for the Yukon can make the distance from Dawson to Ottawa in seventeen days. As the means of communication with the far north and our knowledge of it grows, the distance between old Canada and the furthermost borders of newer Canada becomes less and less. In fact it is nothing short of astonishing to contrast the eastern attitude toward the far west and north with that of twenty, fifteen, or even ten years ago.

Impossible People in Novels.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P., writes interestingly "On People in Books" in the London Morning Post. He says:

It is a matter for the curious to examine (but not the wisest will determine it) why people in books are so extraordinarily different from real people. You might imagine that the people in biographies at least would be more or less like human beings—but they never are. A man may say that the reason of this is that biography to-day is always a sort of modern, pale, conventional, and hypocritical affair—that the biographer dare not print nine-tenths of his material under our modern tyranny and suppression, and that he was necessarily to make a puppet of his man. But there are others besides modern biographies, and it is true of them all that the people inside are not human.

People in histories, also, are not human beings. The moment you try to make them human in writing your history a demon enters and makes you make a great quantity of little mistakes.

When it comes to novelists the matter is notorious. The people in novels not only do not go on like real people, but they do things sometimes physically, always morally, impossible to real people. I have often wished to know a professional novelist in order to ask him why his people went on like that. For instance, people sit down suddenly and write enormous cheques at a moment's notice. Now even the richest man cannot do that. He has his money invested. He does not waste it by letting it lie idle in gigantic balances of a current account.

One might go on for ever piling up instances of this divorce between the supposed pictures of our modern life and the truths of it. I will end with what is to me, perhaps, the most glaring of all—the attitude of fiction towards what is called "success." No matter who the author is, no matter what his knowledge of the world, he simply cannot draw "successful men" as they are, that is in a diversity as great as any to be discovered in the human race. Men who have "got on," that is, who are at once well to do and well known, are as different as men with the toothache, or as men with warts on their chins.

Some are kind, some brutal, some clever, some stupid, some got their money by luck, some by inheritance, some by theft, some few by being able to make or do something better than their fellows, but at any rate in real life, when you are about to meet someone who is known to you as "successful," you never have the slightest idea what you are going to meet, your last experience of the sort is no guide to the next, and the "successful" chap may turn out to be anything at all. But in novels your wealthy and well-known man is invariably powerful in character. It never fails. He may be good or bad, English or foreign, young or old, but he always has in him something of what you see in a very good sergeant-major at a few shillings a week, an experienced head master at a few hundreds a year, or a capable engineer on a passenger ship. He displays qualities which have no more to do with what is called "success" nowadays than red hair or brown boots have.

In a word, your successful man is a type in the novel. In real life he is not a type at all—he is anyone. And another thing you never get in a novel is a well-mannered man or a bad-mannered man. I cannot recollect one character who interrupts at the top of his voice, nor one who joins the conversation of others in an easy way. . . . But suppose one filled a novel with real people. what escape would there be from daily life?

Tramp Ballad.

(A Confession.)

WE huddled in the Mission,
For it was cold outside,
An' listened to the Preacher
Tell of the Crucified;
Without, a sleety drizzle
Cut deep each ragged form.
An' so we stood the talkin'
For shelter from the storm.
They sang of God an' angels
An' heav'n's eternal joy,
An' things I stopped believin'
When I was yet a boy;
They spoke of good and evil
An' offered savin' grace—
An' some showed love for mankind
A-shinin' in the face,
But some their graft was workin'
Th' same as me an' you,
But most was urgin' on us
What they believed was true.
We sang, an' dozed, an' listened,
But only feared, us men,
The hour when, service over,
We'd have to mooch again
An' walk the icy pavements,
An' breast the snowstorm gray,
Till the saloons were opened
An' there was hints of day;
So, when they called out, "Sinner
Won't you come?" I came,
But in my face was pallor,
And in my heart was shame—
An' so fergive me, Jesus,
For mockin' of Thy name;
For I was cold an' hungry—
They gave me grub and bed
After I kneeled here with them
An' many prayers were said.
An' so fergive me, Jesus,
I didn't mean no harm
An' outside it was zero,
An' inside it was warm.
Yes! I was cold an' hungry.
An' oh, thou Crucified,
Thou friend of all the lowly,
Fergive the lie I lied.

—Harry Kemp.

THE WAY TO MONTREAL IS OVER THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Excellent double day and night service over the only double-track line, viz., leaving Toronto 7.30 and 9 a.m., 8.30 and 10.15 p.m., including Sunday. 9 a.m. train carries parlor-cafe-library car (meals a la carte), Pullman sleeper to Boston and handsome vestibule coaches, and reaches Montreal 6 p.m. The *Business Man's* train at 10.15 p.m. arrives Montreal 7.40 a.m., and carries four or more up-to-date Pullmans (also sleeper for Ottawa). Returning, you have choice of the *International Limited* (Canada's finest train), leaving Montreal 9 a.m., reaching Toronto 4.30 p.m., or 10.30 p.m., the business man's train arriving Toronto 7.30 a.m. Always remember a double track contributes to safety, and also that it is necessary to secure reservations in advance. The Toronto city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

"A little nonsense now an' then," said Uncle Eben, "is all right. But dar's allus a heap o' danger dat it's g'ineter git to be a habit."—Washington Star.

Is it sublime confidence or reckless daring that induces a mother to send her little boy to the grocery for a dozen eggs?—Chicago Record-Herald.

WHAT EATON'S INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION STANDS FOR

IF you have been one of the numerous visitors to this store during the past week, you can scarcely fail to have been impressed with the fact that the Industrial Exposition now in progress is something more than a mere store attraction.

The idea was, indeed, conceived, and carried out, with a much deeper motive than that.

Realizing the position that this store occupies in the minds and hearts of the people, it seemed to us eminently fitting that in our various Departments there should be set up, and put in operation, examples of the industries which this business brings in touch with thousands of homes.

Back of it all is the hope that by so doing we may accomplish our part towards stimulating the imaginations and enthusiasms of Canadians, and create in their minds, by means of these practical illustrations, that high opinion of Canada's manufactures that our great industries deserve, by showing the marvellous advance of Canadian manufacture.

If you have not yet paid a visit to this Exposition let us remind you that it continues until February 27th.

Not to come is to miss one of the most interesting sights, as well as one of the best educational opportunities ever placed before the people of this City.

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

BY APPOINTMENT

The Radnor Water Co.

Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

One of the finest characteristics of Seal Brand Coffee is its rich, full body.

Thin and watery coffee is unknown in households that use Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand.

In 1 pound and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

FRY'S COCOA IS THE BEST

PURE, DELICIOUS, ECONOMICAL.
Sold Everywhere.

D. MASSON & CO. - - AGENTS
Montreal and Toronto

Massive in appearance, yet simple in construction

Artistic in design—perfect in quality and finish.

What is the Best Ware for the Bathroom ?

To decide, you must keep clearly before you the requirements of satisfactory fittings.

First of all they should be *sanitary*. Then comes "convenience," "appearance," and "finish."

If you place due emphasis upon *sanitation*, you will decide against those porous fire-clay baths which are erroneously named and marketed as *"Solid Porcelain Ware."* Such goods, when cracked, permit the water to seep through, thus the fixture becomes water-logged and unsanitary.

"Alexandra Ware"

on the other hand, being constructed of cast iron, covered with heavy porcelain enamel, *cannot crack*.

Handsome, massive, convenient, **"Alexandra Ware"** is also, from a hygienic standpoint, unequalled.

The Standard Ideal Company Ltd

Sales Offices and Show Rooms Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg

Head Office and Factories Port Hope, Canada

IT HAS NO EQUAL
For KEEPING THE SKIN Soft, Smooth and White at All Seasons

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S La-rola

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)

Sole Makers
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.

It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT

Lady Gay's Column

SOMEONE was telling about the queer criticisms overheard at plays and concerts and these are two of the remarks that broke loose at the Mendelssohn Choir songfest last week: "I'd like an orchestra if only there were no violins in it," chirped a society dame, and the notion of an orchestra of such peculiar makeup vastly tickled her hearers. Another serious minded bromide thus discoursed in the next row back to her escort: "You see, one cannot really learn anything at a concert. Now, at the theatre, one can always pick up something, if one keeps one's ears and eyes open, but it's different at a concert." Whether the escort was like-minded the amazed neighbors never found out, for just then "His Ex." arrived, and the bromide's eyes were fully occupied in gazing at him.

Here's a sharp-flavored bit for mother and fathers in St. George street to digest. An English-you-know governess or nurse was parading two small girls for a constitutional, when one of the little maids began wailing in that apparently causeless manner which no governess or nurse can meet with absolute enuanimity. The person in charge of the infant thus addressed it, in tones befitting the words: "Oh, come along and stop that noise, you horrid Canadian child!"

There isn't a bit of doubt that, among a large section of those good or worthless folk who are coming to us from the motherland, a hearty and deep-seated contempt for Canadians is one of the articles of belief. Some very soon learn to change their tune, if only as a matter of policy, but others are not so amenable. A certain obstinate little widow, who came out here three years ago, told me the other day that she had never seen any reason to alter her opinion, formed on landing, that we were only half-civilized. I gently reminded her that many of us, though born in Canada, were of Old Country parents whose ways of living were probably a little out of her ken, in the old land, and that we had begun life, albeit in a crude country, still, under those gentle and refining influences which well-bred parents will secure for their little ones. The obstinate little widow simply looked at me coldly and repeated: "Quite so, no doubt, but then you are not typical Canadians. I find real Canadians only half-civilized, as I said before." Wouldn't that make you rather glad if she had been deported?

I was curious enough to keep my temper cool, while I asked her what happened when she landed. She took a long breath and her eyes flashed. "It was one of the most unpleasant days, pouring with rain," she began, "and the bus-man was most uncivil. He refused to allow me to take my things inside the bus, although when I get in, after a most abominable delay over the customs examination, there wasn't one other passenger there. True, others came later and filled up the bus, but he could have easily taken me and my things up while we waited for them! My rugs were quite damp and my coal oil stove was quite rusted. When I threatened to report him for not answering when I asked why he didn't drive on and not keep me sitting there, he said I'd better keep cool, and I'd find out. Then, when I got out to find an inspector, he let all those other passengers in and they quite filled the bus up, and although I'd left my bag on my seat, they just pitched it out in the rain, and I actually had to ride up in another vehicle with some objectionable looking passengers, whom I had never even spoken to on the voyage."

A whiff from the olden days came my way to-day, when I met the old lady. She had her soft grey hair in a little sausage on each cheek, and her bonnet came all the way round behind, from ear to ear, and her veil had flowers in silk worked upon it. She sat very close to me, and a faint scent of sandal wood was in the adjacent atmosphere, and now and then she said "My deah," and put her hand on my arm, to impress me, or chain my wandering attention. And I was away off back in the other century, in the days when one climbed up on a chair and slithered around on it to gain a sitting position, and when one fell asleep in church without upbraiding, and had a muff slid under one's head for a pillow, being of apoplectic tendencies, owing to over-adiposity. And as I was lost to the world, away off in the middle of "18," a faint scent of mint came to me, and I almost put out my hand for the little white lozenge, which used to come out of a certain black satin wrist-bag when one was growing fidgetty during the long sermons. Would you believe it that the old lady had a little velvet bag, and that the smell of mint came from it? And when I said, "Oh, I smell peppermint," the old lady looked gently knowing, and poking her small fingers down into the velvet bag, she fished out a morsel of tissue paper, and there, within it, were smuggled two peppermint lozenges, which we merrily devoured together, until I came back suddenly to to-day, and was a bit annoyed at the taste of mine!

The expression sometimes heard that such and such a vivid or original costume or hat would "stop a clock" came true at a recent tea, where a worthy mission clock's pendulum became mixed up with a couple of those long and assertive quills one sees on certain headgear. The quills so hindered the swing of the pendulum that the clock stopped, and the guests stayed on and on until every soul of them was late for dinner!

What hints about reincarnation one gets at a fancy dress ball! Surely that quiet person whom we know so well as a wearer of strictly neutral tints and unobtrusive garments has come into her own, as with tiara on her brow she walks majestically to an fro in a stately *quarrille d'honneur*, or looks indifferently over the heads of the ranks and file! She never learned that gait and pose in a single night, but in years of habit, on the terrace of some temple by the Nile, in the palace of some pasha or sultan, where slaves bowed before her, and her frown was death! And that man of musty tomes and tireless arguments—where did the inspiration come from that clothed him in martial garb of swash buckling times? How naturally he strides and vapors, and how well his garments hang, and how he holds his chin up in lofty scorn of small things and easy collars! Never again will I believe in his pedantry, his pose of reserve, or his astuteness. Nay, nay, he's a Dugald Dalgetty, a D'Artagnan, if you like, but not a King's Counsel with briefs to burn! And the misfit of a Romeo, whose knees wobble and whose calves are out at pasture—whatever was he in other days? One hates to conjecture; let's believe he's only just beginning now! And the Indian maiden, whose dark eyes burn with some bygone fire of another life, and whose glance arrests the passerby with an uncanny power and draws him to her side. Can she be the little mother of three riotous kids? No, she has forgotten them all to-night, and walks in a dream of long ago, to the jingle of the bangles on her slim brown ankles, singing to her the songs of freedom and a wild beautiful life, whispering to her of love and passion and the murmur of wind in the trees over her sleeping place, and the ripple of little silvery waterfalls in the full of the moon!

LADY GAY.

DELIGHTFUL WEEK-END TRIPS TO ST. CATHARINES AND NIAGARA FALLS.

For those who cannot find time or stand expense of visiting the charming resorts of the Sunny South, Mexico or California, attention is directed to the admirable service of the Grand Trunk Railway System to above week-end points.

Leaving Toronto 9 a.m., 4.05 p.m., and 6.10 p.m., St. Catharines is reached in less than two hours, and the Falls a few minutes longer. Handsome buffet-parlor cars are run on 9 a.m and 4.05 p.m. trains, and the 6.10 p.m. has a cafe-parlor car and also a Pullman. The Grand Trunk buffet, cafe and dining car service is noted for its excellence. It is a pleasure to enjoy a nicely cooked meal, broiled chicken, steak or chop, a delicious salad, etc., well served, while travelling over a smooth road bed at a 50-mile gait, and on the only double-track line. Further information at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

The concert committee of the University Orchestra are pleased to announce that they have secured Madame Leota Rowe Wyatt, soprano, of London, as the assisting artist for the annual concert in Convocation Hall, Wednesday, March 3rd. Madame Wyatt has not appeared in Toronto for some five years past, so that her engagement in conjunction with the Orchestra will doubtless be a source of gratification to her friends in this city. This concert will no doubt be a success, as the orchestra are rapidly attaining finish.

"I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust-buster.

"Then come with me," whispered the near-humorist, "I can show you some of the tracks."—South-western's Book.

The fragrant memory of a cup of delicious "Salada" Tea lingers with you. For seventeen years always of high and uniform quality.

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

YOUNG and old can enjoy an Edison Phonograph, but if there is any choice, it is especially the children's entertainer.

What human entertainer, what mother or nurse doesn't become tired of singing a song over and over, or telling a story again and again at the demand of a group of interested children?

The Edison Phonograph never gets tired; it will keep the children amused for hours, but an Edison Phonograph bought for the nursery pretty soon finds its way to the drawing-room because the grown-ups are not content to allow the children to have all the fun.

That is why an Edison Phonograph should be in every home. Because it entertains the whole family, it can be enjoyed by the entire family circle at once. It is just as good on popular music as it is on classic music. It is easily used. It plays for all.

Edison Amberol Records

A new Record has been made for the Edison Phonograph which plays twice as long as the old one.

All owners of Edison Phonographs can have an attachment put on their present Phonographs which will play the new Records. All new Phonographs are now made to play both the two-minute and the four-minute Records. You can have both kinds of Records, and thus have a very wide range of music. The four-minute Record is especially good for long pieces of music, too long to be played on the shorter Records, and also for dances, accompaniments to songs and things of that kind.

Your dealer has the Edison Phonograph with attachment, and he has the new Amberol Records which he will be glad to play for you.

FREE. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalogue of Edison Phonographs, also catalogue containing complete lists of Edison Records, old and new.

We Desire Good Live Dealers to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers having established stores should write at once to

National Phonograph Company, 115 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J., U.S.A.

Canadian Supply Depots
Edison Phonographs and Records
THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED
143 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
121 PRINCESS STREET, WINNIPEG

Thoroughly Cooked Food

ALL cereals should be thoroughly cooked to get the best results for food purposes. In our Canadian Agricultural Colleges they have tested the effect of cooking on the solubility of foods.

Read this table:

ROLLED OATS Time Cooked.	P.C. Solids Soluble in Water.	WHEAT FLOUR Time Cooked	P.C Solids Soluble in Water.
Uncooked	8.43	Uncooked	6.97
30 minutes	14.95	30 minutes	37.40
2 hours	18.79	2 hours	37.19
5 hours	29.93	5 hours	38.37
8 hours	34.20	8 hours	39.99

You will notice the gradual rise in percentage due to long cooking. Very few homes are equipped to spend the time or fuel necessary to properly prepare cereals. By a system of steam pressure and heavy machinery the ORANGE MEAT people thoroughly clean and steam cook the wheat, then malt and flake each grain, after which it is dried and toasted. This produces the largest percentage of solubility; a process totally impossible in the ordinary kitchen.

If 'Crystal Diamonds'
Then only ONE

That is the economy of St. Lawrence "Crystal Diamonds."

They go so much further than any other sugar, because they are made from the choicest Cane Sugar.

St. Lawrence "Crystal Diamonds" are all sweetness. Sold in attractive 5 pound cartoons and also by the pound.

THE ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO. LIMITED MONTREAL.

For 30 years, St. Lawrence GRANULATED SUGAR has been the standard. At all grocers. In 20 pound cotton bags or by the pound. 2

THE STANDARD BANK
OF CANADA

The Thirty-fourth Annual Meeting was held at the Head Office of the bank on Wednesday, the 17th of February. Amongst those present were the following:—John Neelands, W. A Glenney (Oshawa), W. F. Allen (Bowmanville), W. Crocker, David Kidd (Hamilton), G. P. Scholfield, Egmund Gunther, W. P. Cowan (Oshawa), Dr. Andrew Smith, J. S. Loudon, J. K. Niven, F. W. Cowan (Oshawa), Dr Charles O'Reilly, H. Langlois, George H. McLaren (Hamilton), E. A. Bog, Frederick Wyld, Isaac Crosby (Richmond Hill), C. M. Gripton (St. Catharines), C. A. Lenison, W. Francis, K.C., W. W. Tamblyn (Bowmanville), Henry Swan, W. R. Johnston, Thos. Meredith, W. Coulter, N. B. Gash and Wm. C. Harvey.

THE DIRECTORS' REPORT

Your Directors herewith present to the Shareholders the Thirty-fourth Annual Report of the affairs of the bank for the year ending 30th January, 1909.

After making the usual provision for bad and doubtful debts, rebate of interest on unmatured bills under discount, exchange, etc., the net profits amount to $283 065.27, being at the rate of 18.14 per cent. on the average Paid-up Capital of the Bank for the year. To this has been added $2,500, premium on new stock, which, with the balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, $61,902.60, brought forward from last year, makes the sum of $347,767 87

This has been appropriated as follows:—

Quarterly Dividend No. 70, paid 1st May, 1908, at the rate of 12% per annum	46,800 43
Quarterly Dividend No. 71, paid 1st August, 1908, at the rate of 12% per annum	46,802 38
Quarterly Dividend No. 72, paid 2nd November, 1908, at the rate of 12% per annum	46,802 70
Quarterly Dividend No. 73, payable 1st February, 1909, at the rate of 12% per annum	46,804 67
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	7,500 00
Transferred to Rest Account from Profits	100,000 00
Transferred to Rest Account from Premium on New Stock	2,500 00
Balance carried forward to Profit and Loss Account	50,257 69
	$347,767 87

On the 1st October, 1908, an agreement was entered into by your Directors with the Board of the Western Bank of Canada, which was subsequently ratified by their Shareholders, whereby your bank acquired the Western Bank of Canada, paying its Shareholders therefor at the rate of $160 for each $100 share, together with interest at the rate of 5% per annum from the date of the agreement to the date of absorption. The requirements of the Bank Act were complied with and the purchase took effect on the 16th February, 1909, and by the Standard Bank of Canada acquired 27 new branches (none of which conflict with our previously existing branches), together with a corresponding amount of deposits and general business.

The usual inspection of the Head Office and Branches has been made and the duties of the staff have been efficiently discharged.

W. F. COWAN,
President.

30TH JANUARY, 1909.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Dr.		Cr.	
Balance brought forward from 31st January 1908	$ 61,902 60	Dividend No. 70, paid 1st May, 1908	$ 46,800 43
Profit for year ending 30th January, 1909, after deducting expenses, interest accrued on deposits, rebate of interest on unmatured bills, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts	283,065 27	Dividend No. 71, paid 1st August, 1908	46,802 38
Premium on new stock	2,500 00	Dividend No. 72, paid 2nd November, 1908	46,802 70
		Dividend No. 73, payable 1st February, 1909	46,804 67
		Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund	7,500 00
		Transferred to Reserve Fund from profits	100,000 00
		Transferred to Reserve Fund, premium on new stock	2,500 00
		Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	50,257 69
	$347,767 87		$347,767 87

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES.			ASSETS.		
Notes in circulation		$ 1,166,067 00	Gold and Silver Coin	$ 521,156 04	
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	$14,128,286 09		Dominion notes, legal tenders	2,314,039 00	$2,835,195 04
Deposits not bearing interest	1,885,920 83		Notes of and cheques on other banks		681,190 39
		16,014,207 92	Due from other banks—in Canada		285,723 32
Former dividends unclaimed		24 00	in United States		284,308 20
Dividend No. 73, payable 1st February, 1909		46,804 67	in Great Britain		33,757 27
Due to other banks—in Canada	221,111 76		Dominion Government and other first-class bonds		2,030,846 94
in United States	196,008 32		Loans on call on Government, municipal and other bonds and stocks		1,264,486 44
		$17,646,023 67			$7,415,507 80
Capital	$1,562,500 00		Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation		61,000 00
Reserve Fund	1,862,500 00		Bills discounted and advances current		16,068,243 00
Rebate of interest on Bills discounted	41,006 12		Loans to other banks in Canada secured		259,125 27
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	50,257 69		Notes and Bills overdue (estimated loss provided for)		42,981 53
		3,516,263 81	Bank premises		270,539 89
			Real Estate other than Bank Premises		10,000 00
			Other assets not included under the foregoing		25,499 99
		$21,162,287 48			$21,162,287 48

GEO. P. SCHOLFIELD,
General Manager.

This statement does not include the assets of the Western Bank of Canada.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. W. F. Cowan, and Mr. George P. Scholfield, General Manager, acted as Secretary to the meeting.

The General Manager read the report, and the President, after making some remarks on the satisfactory condition of the bank's business, moved, seconded by the Vice-President, "That the report and statements now submitted, be adopted and printed for circulation among the shareholders." Carried.

The usual motions were moved and carried, and the following were elected Directors for the ensuing year:—W. F. Cowan, Frederick Wyld, W. F. Allen, W. R. Johnston, Wellington Francis, K.C., F. W. Cowan, H. Langlois and T. H. McMillan.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, W. F. Cowan, Esq., was re-elected President, and Frederick Wyld, Esq., Vice-President.

GEORGE P. SCHOLFIELD,
General Manager.

Autoist (who has paid boy to bring assistance)—Did you give the farmer my message, boy? Boy—Yep; I told him ther' wuz four automobeelers stuck in a driff, an' cuddent git out. Autoist—What did he say? Boy—He said, "Hooray," an' gimme me another quarter.—Life.

THE DRAMA

SOFTLY and sensuously beautiful the music rose and fell in the most delicious waltz melody of the day. Across the stage the two bright figures of the man and woman moved to it with graceful steps, breast to breast, his face bending over hers as she leaned back in his arms. Her hands waved softly to the rhythm of the music, and she was the personification of voluptuous grace. Suddenly they changed to the regular movement of the waltz, and slowly whirled away across the stage and out between the wings. A thunder of applause brought them back to perform the same beautiful rising and falling step, he going forwards and she backwards. But this time in the waltz he placed his clasped hands about her neck, and she leaned back as she danced with her hands on her hips. Again they disappeared and again they were brought back. And again, and again, and again. The Toronto theatre-goers who packed the house were wild in their enthusiasm, for they were witnessing for the first time the famous Merry Widow Waltz. And the dance justified their clamorous approval, for it came very near indeed to realizing the old hackneyed quotation, "the poetry of motion." The only fault that could be found with it was that it was perhaps danced a little too fast for the music. The time did not seem to be as perfect as it might have been.

MABEL TALIAFERRO
Who stars in "Polly of the Circus," at the Princess next week.

The Viennese comic opera has been written up so much, that there remains little to be said of it at this date. It is full of clever scenes, unusually tuneful, and has much more story interest than such productions generally possess. It is also put on in superb fashion. This is an array of qualities to make any show successful, and in this case sufficient to blind one to the fact that the humor of the piece is often of a rather heavy and far-fetched type, with very little of that spontaneous fun, which musical comedy audiences in this country have grown to expect.

* * *

Scheherazade! That is the one character in all literature whom Nazimova most nearly resembles in her Oriental witchery. She and the story-telling Sultana of the Arabian Nights are akin, despite all the differences of age and people and environment. They are both Orientals, children of the mystic East. They both have the same sensuous charm; and in both one is conscious of the same foreign note, that subtle difference, which is so distinctive in the Russian's art. She is not of us, and her art is not ours, except in the large sense in which art is the common property and delight of the human race. This is at once her strength and her weakness. To old theatre-goers, with palates jaded by the good things they have seen, she offers something new, something even acid and biting in its freshness. She is a great artist, whose methods and personality are altogether unusual and full of a subtle and elusive strangeness; and to such seekers for novelty she is a revelation. But to those whose tastes are still fresh and keen, there is something subtly discordant in her work, marvellous as it is, an indefinable foreign element which throws strange lights and shadows on her presentation of life.

Enough and more than enough has already been said about Nazimova's interpretation of Ibsen's great roles, while her work as Nina in "Comtesse Coquette" has been slurred over as being of comparatively slight interest. In some respects this is perhaps true, for Roberto Bracco's cynical little comedy can hardly vie in interest with the creations of the Norwegian master. As an expression of Nazimova's art, however, it really deserves much more attention than it has received. In it her work is entirely distinctive and alone of its kind, while its charm is strangely and subtly compelling. There is even something fearsome in its fascination, for the great actress is not an Italian, as the part requires, no longer a Russian, as her nationality would imply. She is Cleopatra, the beautiful serpent of old Nile, winding her way into the hearts of her victims. And she throws her charm across the footlights to her audience, so that they, too, fall under her subtle spell.

Geo. Fawcett, as "John Ganton."

Toronto theatre-goers had an opportunity of seeing her in Bracco's clever but cynical little comedy on Saturday last. Unfortunately, owing to the competition of the Mendelssohn Choir, there was a very small house for so excellent a production. But those present made up in enthusiastic appreciation what they lacked in numbers. There was never a moment when the play dragged, or when the lithe, willowy Russian lost her tight hold on her hearers. She was charming, simply charming, with a witchery that was namelessly alien but none the less compelling. One could not tell why, one even resisted this strange, foreign spell, but one was nevertheless bound in its thraldom. And she was conscious of her power. Her every movement showed it, every glance of her fathomless eyes, and above all the subtle mocking smile, inscrutable beyond that of Monna Lisa.

NEXT WEEK'S THEATRICAL BILL OF FARE

Princess—"Polly of the Circus."
Royal Alexandra—"Ganton & Co."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—Vanity Fair Company.
Grand—Vaughan Glaser.
Majestic—"Montana."

In "Polly of the Circus," the play by Margaret Mayo, which will appear at the Princess next week, a novel feature is the presence in the cast of a number of circus acrobats and clowns, who play leading parts. "Polly of the Circus" deals with a girl bareback rider who is injured during a performance in a small town and is left behind to recuperate. Her period of convalescence is spent in the home of the village preacher, with whom she falls in love. Later, for reasons explained in the play, she returns to the circus. This makes it necessary to present a tent show in full operation on the stage of the theatre. To give the necessary touch of realism, Mr. Thompson has engaged a number of circus performers. Among these are the St. Leon family, headed by a sixteen-year-old girl, Miss Elsie St. Leon, who is an accomplished equestrienne. With her are her father, her mother, her brother and two sisters, who for a number of years have been featured in traveling shows in India, China, Japan and the Philippines. Besides Miss St. Leon a troop of trained ponies and two well known circus clowns take prominent parts in this scene, to which much of the success of the play is due. As the company is

(Concluded on page 18.)

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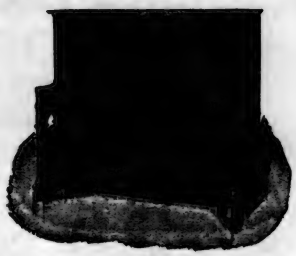

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MUSIC

THE Mendelssohn Choir's performance of Elgar's "Caractacus" surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I like it better than I do "The Dream of Gerontius," "The Apostles," or "The Kingdom." It is more direct and less labored than any of his other large works, but it has enough of his faults to make it unnecessarily difficult, and to make such a performance as we heard at the Wednesday night concert a triumph of virtuosity. As an achievement I think that it overshadows the "Choral Symphony" and the "Deutscher Requiem"; for difficult as these masterworks are, the difficulties are legitimate. But Elgar so completely disregards the most marked rhythms of the text, the necessity for proper breathing points, and the leading of the voices that intelligible enunciation, articulation, and phrasing are at times impossible. So regardless is he that even full stops must be hurried over and the singers produce stupendous climaxes when their lungs are almost emptied. This is very wearing on a choir, and it is marvellous the way the grand choral epilogue, "Britons Alert!" was sung and resung. Not once throughout the evening was there the faintest suspicion of uncertainty or distress. No matter how difficult the entrance, the various sections sang with the precision of a well-trained orchestra. From the first note to the last there was an air of authority that would have put to flight any apprehension that might have crept into the hearts of those who knew the herculean task the Choir had undertaken, and left one free to enjoy the superb singing.

It is impossible to point to any one place and say that it was better done than some other, but the third scene was so full of grateful voice-treatment that it compels special notice, and the "Lament" with its unusual and effective 7-4 time also made a strong impression. But the climax of the "Choral Epilogue" was so thrilling, both because of the way it is written and the way it was sung, that the audience demanded a repetition. The solidity of tone should silence all question as to the ability of a Canadian choir to produce as sonorous effects as any choir in the world. I have never heard it equalled even by choirs of twice the size.

I do not know whether Dr. Vogt will consider it necessary to take proposed course in orchestral conducting that some of his friends have arranged for him, or not, but for a home-trained musician he did remarkably well. It was rather a surprise to see him using the full orchestral score when it is a well-known fact that some of the imported conductors find the piano score sufficient. Of course it makes it a little harder on the men in the band but they are well paid and must make the best of it. However, the inventor of the canard about Dr. Vogt and his proposed European trip will make the *amende honorable* and say he never said it, after the way the whole performance of "Caractacus" was conducted.

Of Mr. Hamlin's singing I can say nothing better than that it was in every way up to the high standard of the Choir. Mr. Hamlin has had for years the reputation of being one of the most musicianly singers in the world, but I never thought that he could rise to the height of dramatic fervor he achieved in the exacting and undramatic music allotted to Orbin. And in his scenes with Eigen (Mrs. Rider-Kelsey) his voice was quite as beautiful and his vocalization as free as hers, which is saying a great deal. The part Eigen is not a grateful one. Save in the third scene, Mrs. Kelsey could not equal the former impressions she has made here, but she is a painstaking, well-equipped artiste who does all things well, never spares herself nor slights her work no matter how small it is. Mr. Cunningham had the burden of the title role, which he sang splendidly, with the exception of the "Sword Song," where his voice failed to tell against the men's voices of the choir. He made much of the "Lament," and in his scenes with Claudius he was every inch a king. Mr. Martin was either out of voice or the parts he sang were too high for him. He has a fine voice, which he uses well but it sounded worn and ineffective too often to be satisfactory. He was pleasing in the quartette, which the soloists sang delightfully.

* * *

THROUGHOUT the evening the Orchestra was in fine fettle. Under Mr. Stock, Elgar's concert overture, "Cockaigne," was played. I have always liked it, and although I have heard other interpretations I have liked better than Mr. Stock's, I thoroughly enjoyed it and so did the audience. One would scarcely have thought the Choir and Orchestra had had only a partial rehearsal, so smoothly and harmoniously ran the performance. Again I must say it was superb.

The Thursday night concert began with "Saint Saens' Coronation March." I have heard other coronation music that I thought was much worse, but I didn't care a great deal for it; although it did give the brass section a chance to show how wonderful it is. This was followed by Tschaikowski's "How Blest Are They," from the "Greek Litugy," which the Choir sang most devotionally, and its singing of the "Sanctus" from Bach's B minor Mass quite eclipsed the way it was done on Monday night. The second hearing of Faning's "How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps" made it even more delightful than the first, and that left nothing to be desired except a repetition. Sir Frederick Bridge's setting of "Beld Turpin" is a delicious bit of funning. It is quite as charming as its composer. One can see the kindly courteous gentleman who made friends by the score when he was out here, smiling on every page. It did not suffer in comparison with the Faning number nor "The Challenge of Thor," which followed it.

Owing to the illness of the solo clarinetist, Mr. Stock had to substitute Strauss's "Don Juan" for the "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." Again he showed himself a master of the ultra modern school. You may not like what Strauss has to say, but you must admit that he says it well, particularly when Mr. Stock conducts. Strauss is a master of detail; nothing is done by chance nor to show off, and the Theodore Thomas orchestra under Mr. Stock has reached a state of perfection that reminds me of Lamoreux, whose band called forth the statement from the English critic Runciman that: "It was too perfect, one missed the buzzes of most orchestras and was too conscious of the different parts." The "Dvorak Carnival" was brilliantly played and enthusiastically applauded.

"Night Witchery," by the Male Choir, was more rapturously received than it was last year and an encore had to be given. For this Dr. Vogt selected another of the Maennergesangverein successes, "In Winter," which was so much liked on Monday, and almost had to respond again. The Female Chorus sang Elgar's "Fly, Singing Bird," accompanied by the violins of the Orchestra and Miss Jessie Perry at the piano. This was one of the gems of the concerts. It is as beautiful as the "Lullaby from the Bavarian Highlands."

Dr. Vogt's arrangement of an old French chanson, "Brunette," was dainty and quaint. In his setting for chorus in four parts Dr. Vogt has kept the 17th century aroma and has added another charming number to the literature of four part songs. The last number by the choir was the "Choral Epilogue" from "Caractacus," and it was magnificently sung. It is as fine a national anthem as I want to hear. The Orchestra gave as an extra number the Bacchanalian music from "Tannhauser," and closed with the "Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla," from "Das Rheingold." Much as I like the way Mr. Stock plays Strauss, Debussy and the other moderns, I don't care much for his Wagnerian interpretations. I am willing to grant that Wagner is fast becoming as "classical" as Beethoven, but he will never require the same treatment as Bach, at least not until Strauss can be whistled. Mr. Stock showed that he has temperament by the way he gave us the "Dance of the Seven Veils," but if I heard him play only Wagner I would say that he is a classicist. I don't like my Bach and Beethoven modernized and I am not ready for the "classification" of Wagner. When I write this I am smitten with the remembrance of "Don Juan" and the "Afternoon of a Faun," and I am sorry that I have to write it. These two numbers are enough to entitle a man to be called a great conductor, and Mr. Stock has done much more.

The closing concert was notable for introduction of a new pianiste, Miss Augusta Cottlow, who made a very favorable impression after a bad start. She has a fluent technique and good musicianship, but the Bach-Busoni "Prelude and Fugue"—the one in D major—is not a good number to begin with. Later she played a group of Chopin, and got the interest of the audience and then won a success with the Debussy "Prelude and Claire de Lune," and the Liszt "Polonaise in E major."

The choral part of the programme was made up from the successes of former concerts, and it was a treat to hear Lotti's "Crucifixus" again. But it was also a treat to hear "Ave Maris Stella," which to me was one of the most artistic things the Choir has ever done. Percy Pitt's "A Love Symphony" improves on hearing, and the French chanson, "Brunette," bears repeating.

I hope to hear next season's concerts, but I shall have to grow in musical grace to enjoy them any more than I have this year's. But I said the same thing six years ago and I am grateful to say that I have not stopped growing. One of the greatest privileges I have enjoyed while I have been in Toronto has been knowing A. S. Vogt and his work. It is a pleasure to know good work, and it is a privilege to be able to publically appreciate it. It was partly for this privilege that I took up the work on SATURDAY NIGHT, and now that I have had my say I am willing to return to the ranks.

* * *

ANOTHER man I love to praise is Frank S. Welsman. Quiet and insistent, well-prepared musically, he has fought against great odds and won. To Dr. Fisher belongs all of the credit that we have an Orchestra but to Mr. Welsman the honor that we have one so good. One feels in the air a growing interest in orchestral music and a growing pride in our own band. This will mean an influx of orchestral players and then Mr. Welsman will show us something. This year he is sympathetically supported by a citizens' committee that simply has no fear. It is composed of men accustomed to handling large affairs, and consequently they are not daunted by the large fees of great artists. The engagement of Gadski was a masterstroke and now they have secured the sensation of the season, Mischa Elman, for the next concert, March 25. On the 26th inst. the Orchestra goes to Peterboro with Miss Lina Drechsler-Adamson, violiniste, and Miss Bertha Crawford, soprano, as soloists. Mr. Welsman has put some of the best things the Orchestra has in its repertoire on the programme; among them are the "Unfinished Symphony" of Schubert, Nicolai's "Overture to the Merry Wives of Windsor," Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" or "Fingal's Cave Overture," and the Vorspiel to the third act of Kistler's "Kunihild."

Miss Drechsler-Adamson is on for Mendelssohn's "Concerto"—one of the most grateful and beautiful things ever written for the violin. She is playing remarkably well this season, and deserves the honor of playing the solo at the first concert on tour of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

* * *

THERE is one other worker whom I want to praise, not only for the work he is doing but also for the ideals he is cherishing, and that is H. M. Fletcher. All my life long I have felt that music is a sort of religion, and I have wanted everyone to share the pleasure and help I have got from it. Wherever I have lived, and that means many places, I have always taken advantage of every opportunity to help others to a fuller understanding and appreciation of music. Since I have lived here I have watched with the keenest interest the work that Mr. Fletcher is doing and when he had brought it far enough along to form the Schubert Choir I was delighted. I have attended rehearsals when I could and seen the work grow. To-day he has a chorus that would be a credit to any city that did not have a Mendelssohn Choir. I have heard both the Sheffield and the Schubert Choirs sing "King Arthur Had Three Sons," and I prefer the Schubert's rendition of it. Give them the confidence that a few successful seasons will bring and they will astonish all fair-minded critics. Mr. Fletcher has gone about his work in a far-seeing way, instilling into the minds of his singers practical ideas of tone production and sight reading, so that when he gets them where he wants them there will be a unanimity that will make for really great singing. It is a pleasure to see the co-operation Mr. Fletcher is receiving from such men as Prof. Ramsay Wright, the Honorary President, and J. C. Eaton, Esq., the Honorary Vice-President. Prof. Wright is one of the most potent forces in the dissemination of general culture in the city. Despite the tremendous demands made upon his time by his own work at the University, he rarely misses a concert or a lecture, and his intimate knowledge of music makes his presence an inspiration to the performers. Mr. Eaton undoubtedly gave the subject much thought before accepting the position he holds as he knows how important the use of his name is, so that by accepting he has paid Mr. Fletcher a well-deserved compliment.

Another honor for Mr. Fletcher will be the production of Mr. Paur's new symphony, "In der Natur," at the opening concert, Monday night. This work has raised Mr. Paur to the front rank as a composer, a position he has long held as a conductor. Knowing from long acquaintance what a big, warm, impulsive heart he has, I am all a-quiver with anticipation of the pleasure I am to have when I hear what Nature has said to this Titan among musicians and man among men.

* * *

A violin by the celebrated maker Joseph Guarnerius del Jesu, valued at eight thousand dollars, has found

its way to Toronto, and now forms part of the famous Williams collection, which is considered by authorities to be the most unique collection of rare violins on the continent.

It is interesting to know that this instrument was selected by the late Dr. Joachim for a favorite pupil, who unhappily, could not afford to keep it. Later it passed into the hands of Ferenco Hegedus the well-known virtuoso who achieved all his early successes with it, and parted with it only upon acquiring the famous Gillott Guarnerius at a cost exceeding $10,000.

* * *

NEXT week we are to have Paderewski with us again. The production of his new symphony was the occasion of his coming over this season, but once here a tour was inevitable. The critics have found new beauties in his playing, and he has created as much enthusiasm as when he was first heard. Another welcome announcement is the return of Marie Hall. I hope she will be greeted by an audience worthy of her. She is such a winsome, appealing personality that one does not like to see her slighted, and besides she is such a fine artiste.

Mr. Greet and his Players and the Russian Symphony Orchestra are to present "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in Massey Hall on the 5th and 6th of March. Mr. Houston deserves fine support in all of these ventures both for his own sake and for the sake of the reputation of the city which will certainly suffer if we allow artists like Lhevinne to play before a mere handful of people. I wish that Mr. Houston would reconsider his decision regarding Wullner. I for one will do all I can to insure him a full house.

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A GOOD story is told of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, whose "Pinkie and the Fairies" contributed largely to London's Christmas enjoyment at His Majesty's. The famous actor was once prevailed upon in kindness of heart to engage a servant girl out of the workhouse. She was desperately untidy, and after various attempts to teach her method, Mrs. Tree told her husband that it was no use, the girl must really go.

"Oh, try her a little longer," urged Mr. Tree. And she was granted a respite. However, it was all in vain, and to Mr. Tree, as he had engaged the girl, fell the task of getting rid of her. He told her that if she did not mend her ways she must return to the workhouse.

"Oh, no, I sha'n't," she snapped out, rudely. "I'll get another situation."

"But I cannot give you a character," returned the actor, "and you will find it very difficult to get another situation without a character."

"Perhaps!" was the insolent retort.

"At all events, if the worst should come to the worst, I can always go on the stage."

* * *

MARK TWAIN not long ago was relating his newspaper experience in San Francisco, and did not conceal the fact that he had been "fired" from the "Call" for being the "laziest cuss on the local staff." One of his auditors was inclined to disparage the acumen of a city editor who was guilty of such an act as to discharge a genius such as Mark Twain afterwards proved to be.

"No, he was dead right," expostulated the humorist. "I'd a-done the same thing to myself; for I didn't get on to what I was good for until some time afterwards."

* * *

A PUBLIC School superintendent was talking at a recent dinner about corporal punishment.

"Corporal punishment in our schools is no more," he said, "and that is a good thing. Undeniably, though, many a boy showed wonderful pluck.

"I remember a boy named Bill. Bill, brave fellow, was doing miserably one day in a geometry recitation.

"Now, sir," said the school master savagely, "for the last time, what is the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle equivalent to?"

"'It's equivalent to a lickin' fer me, sir. There's the club,' said Bill."

* * *

THE old landlord of a small country inn was sitting listlessly before the fire in the bar parlor when the door opened and a loud-voiced young fellow exclaimed:

"Halloa, grandad! Get your frame in circulation! Don't sit round here like an old woman! I want accommodation for man and beast."

"Where's the man?" asked the old landlord in a flash.

* * *

AS is the case with all occurrences where tragedy is uppermost, the collision between the Republic and the Florida brought out some amusing incidents. Here is one:

When the Republic passengers were brought on board the Baltic many of them had saved practically none of their belongings. One lady, arrayed in a night-gown and fur coat, all she had brought with her from the sinking ship, climbed over the side of the Baltic, and spied a sort of bulletin board, on which notices of interest to the passengers were posted. The following caught that lady's eye:

"Lost—One gold button. Finder please return to ——."

The possessor of one night-gown and one fur coat looked long and solemnly at that notice.

"Lost—one gold button," she murmured dreamily. "Think of it—one button—lost!"

Then she went into hysterics.

* * *

WHEN Lincoln heard of the Confederate raid at Fairfax, in which a brigadier general and a number of valuable horses were captured, he gravely observed:

"Well, I am sorry for the horses."

"Sorry for the horses, Mr. President?" exclaimed the secretary of war, raising his spectacles and throwing himself back in his chair in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I can make a brigadier general in five minutes, but it is not easy to replace a hundred and ten horses."

THE Japanese word for "good morning" is, phonetically, "O-hi-O." Among those assembled at Yokohama for fleet festivities was a man from Ohio, U.S. A., writes Frederic S. Isham, author of "The Lady of the Mount." When he first went into the dining-room of the hotel, one of the Japanese waiters murmured "Ohio"; when he got onto his train for Tokyo people said to him, and apparently to one another of him, "Ohio." He took a trip into the mountains, and there the girls called out after him, "Ohio"; he traveled to extreme ends of the island, and still even small children and babies murmured or lisped the magic syllables, "Ohio." He returned to Yokohama with one conviction firmly fixed in his mind; this he voiced to a friend:

"I tell you, old man, they've the greatest spying system in this country of any nation in the world. Had me 'placed' all the way from Shimbashi to Kobe! Wonderful people when you get to understand them."

* * *

A CHAUFFEUR found himself in court the other day charged with injuring a pedestrian.

"You ran into this man at thirty miles an hour, and knocked him forty feet," said the magistrate.

"That, or a little better, I suppose," answered the chauffeur.

"Why didn't you slow down?"

"Mere precaution, your Honor. Once I shut off speed and hit a man so gently that he was able to climb into the machine and give me a licking."

* * *

IN a Sunday school a little girl was questioned as to her repeated non-attendance. "Why have you been absent so many times lately?" asked the teacher.

"Please, teacher," answered the girl, "mother thought I'd better not come to Sunday school, as my hat was dirty."

"But, my dear," objected the teacher, gently, "it is not the outward appearance that we consider; it is the inward."

"I know that, teacher," was Maggie's reply; "but it's all the same, the lining was dirty, too."

* * *

A GENTLEMAN was going home from a dinner party some time ago, and was overturned in his carriage by his coachman's reckless driving.

Next morning the man craved pardon, acknowledging his fault.

"I had certainly drunk too much, sir," said he; "but I was not very drunk, and gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk."

"Well," returned his employer, "I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman, but you were infernally drunk for a coachman. Now make yourself scarce.

* * *

ONE day Thaddeus Stevens called upon President Lincoln with a lady in great trouble, whose son had been in the army, but for some offense had been court-martialed and sentenced to death.

There were some extenuating circumstances, and after a full hearing the President turned to the representative and said:

"Mr. Stevens, do you think this is a case which will warrant my interference?"

"I do," said Mr. Stevens.

"Then," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I will pardon him."

The gratitude of the mother was too deep for expression, save by her tears, and not a word was said between her and Mr. Stevens until they were halfway down the stairs on their passage out, when she suddenly broke forth in an excited manner with the words:

"I knew it was a copperhead lie."

"What do you refer to, madam?" asked Mr. Stevens.

"Why," replied the mother, "they told me he was an ugly-looking man. He is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life."

A PHOTOGRAPHER was having his troubles with a child of eight years whom its mother had brought to the studio for a series of photos.

The picture man struggled with the youngster, who wriggled and squirmed and generally made his life miserable for upward of an hour, trying to procure the poses desired by the doting parent.

Finally a happy thought struck the photographer. "May I suggest, madam," said he, "that you leave me alone with this charming little girl for a few minutes? I think that, with a little quiet persuasion, I may be able to calm her nervousness."

The mother assented; and when she returned the photographer announced that he was sure of several fine negatives.

"Dolly," asked the mother when they were out of the studio, "what did that nice man, the photographer, say to you when you were alone, that he was able to get the pictures?"

"He said," answered Dolly, with a quivering lip, 'If you don't sit still, you miserable little worm—you dough-faced little monkey—you, you—I don't know what—I'll shake you till you're blue in the face.' So mamma, I sat still."

* * *

WILLIE had tried by various means to interest his father in conversation.

"Can't you see I'm trying to read?" said the exasperated parent. "Now, don't bother me."

Willie was silent for almost a minute. Then, reflectively:

"Awful accident in the subway today."

"What's that?" he asked. "What was the accident in the subway?"

Father looked up with interest.

"Why," said Willie, edging toward the door, "a woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

* * *

"IN the province of Holstein," says a traveler who spends a good deal of his time abroad, "where, of course, nothing is more important than the breeding of superior cattle, the country people are not only very thrifty, but exceedingly fond of their cows, as may be gathered from a characteristic story current there.

"It appears that one farmer was walking sadly down the road one day when the village pastor met him.

"'Why so downcast, friend?' asked the pastor.

"'I have a sad errand, pastor,' replied the farmer. 'Farmer Henrick's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him.'

"'A hard task, indeed.'

"'You may well say so, pastor; but I shall break it to him gently.'

"'And how will you do that?'

"'Oh, I shall tell him first that it is his father who is dead, and then having opened the way for sadder news will tell him that it is not his father, but his cow!'"

* * *

SUPERINTENDENT McLaren, of San Francisco's system of public parks, was inspecting the work of restoring Union Square to its former beauty, now that the little St. Francis has been removed.

"I'm for heavin' this un out; it's a bum little bush." remarked a gardener with a brogue.

"Which one?" inquired McLaren. "You don't mean this beautiful little Scotch heather? All it needs is more water, and it will grow as tall as you are."

"You're not very tall yourself, Mr. McLaren."

"Not extraordinarily so."

"I say, Mr. McLaren," reflected the gardener, thoughtfully, "did you ever try water yourself?"

* * *

A YOUNG New York millionaire who had been told he could sing went directly to persuade Mr. Hammerstein to give him a trial in opera. He hoped to take good parts in "Thais," "Salome," "Tosca," and other famous modern works.

Mr. Hammerstein, after listening to the young man's powerful voice, said gently:

"I am afraid that you won't suit for any of the very subdued, very subtly modulated French and Italian works; but I am going to bring out Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman' later on, and I'd much like to engage you to do the howling of the tempest in the wreck scene."

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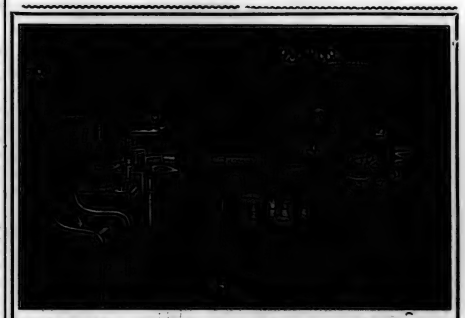

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE sojourn of His Excellency in town for three days last week gave additional eclat to various events, and Lord Grey took his usual frank and encouraging interest in everything that went on. Fortunately there was iceboating on the bay, and His Excellency had a good spin on the Yoraya, one of our fastest and best flyers. The concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir on Thursday and Saturday evenings were attended by His Excellency and two aides, Captain Newton and Mr. Leveson Gower, with Major J. Fraser Macdonald who occupied a loge arranged in the east gallery, by the removal of two rows of seats, and the enclosure of a section where comfortable armchairs were placed, and where the gallery facade was draped with the British flag and Royal Coat of Arms. Many bright eyes were turned toward the group of gentlemen who would probably have enjoyed the concert even more had their party been inclusive of a few petticoats. On Friday afternoon His Excellency ad his aides had the friends of the Victorian Order of Nurses in numbers about them, when Lord Grey took the chair at the annual meeting of that helpful and successful organization. The council chamber was filled with ladies and gentlemen, and everyone was delighted with the speech made by the superintendent of the Order, in which she gave a graphic and concise account of their work from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and many of her hearers became aware, for the first time, of its extent and value. His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor was on the dais with the Governor General, and Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. B. S. Walker, Dr. Thistle, Hon. Senator Cox, were among other prominent men, present. Many speeches and complimentary references took up the time and the meeting was a red letter one for the Victorian Order.

At the Mendelssohn Choir concert on the first night of His Excellency's presence, the attendance was very brilliant, though the Mendelssohn Choir never has the purely social element to fill up its front seats, with ardent music lovers in and out of town, who come in the garb of afternoon, being often the holders of the best seats. A beauty party from Benvenuto, including Mrs. Griffin and her younger sisters, Bertha and Grace, occupied the next front seats to the Vice-regal party box; Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Walker had a family party; Senator and Mrs. Melvin Jones and Miss Melvin Jones were in the east gallery; a beauty party was in box B, where Mrs. Charles Sampson looked lovely in a black satin sheath gown; Mrs. Vincent Greene equally charming in pink satin, and Lady Dolly Smyly as pretty as a picture in a soft little frock of pale pink chiffon. All over Massey Hall were dotted little groups of pretty girls, handsome men and women, and enraptured listeners to the fine music, and as usual every seat was occupied. His Excellency remained to the end, but on Saturday was obliged to leave before the last number to take the train for Ottawa, expressing himself as having greatly enjoyed his attendance at the concerts.

On Thursday night a supper was given to the President, conductor and executive of the Mendelssohn Choir at the King Edward, at which Lord Grey and his suite were guests of honor. Owing to the fact that the family of the Lieutenant Governor is in mourning there was no entertaining at Government House.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Fritz Fox gave a pretty little tea in her home in Davenport Road, when a number of her friends assembled at five o'clock. The house and its mistress were equally admired, Mrs. Fox looking particularly well in apricot broadcloth, and giving her usual unaffected and pleasant greeting to her friends. The tea table centered with daffodils and small vases of violets and the artistic little diningroom was glowing with light.

On Monday afternoon Miss Reta Ellis welcomed a gay coterie of girl friends in her beautiful home in Elm avenue, where the young people had a lovely tea and talk. The sweet little hostess, one of the best-liked of this year's "rosebud garden," was in pale blue, touched with white, and received in the drawingroom, the tea being served in the diningroom from a table blooming with a huge centre boquet of daffodils and set with a profusion of dainties. The girls are having a succession of jolly teas this year, never have those making their *entree* been more feted or better hostesses, and the debutante in her first bloom is equally at home as guest of honor or as hostess. Miss Ellis has a more than ordinarily attractive home in which to entertain and does the honors most gracefully.

On Friday night of last week the students at Westbourne School had a joyous time, their Principal, Miss Curlette, having arranged one of the always enjoyable dances for them and their young friends. The girls looked the picture of youth and beauty in their white frocks, and any number of appreciative young men took occasion to tell them so. Miss Curlette wore a handsome white satin gown with Brussels lace and the few older folk present entered into the spirit of the hour and reflected the enjoyment of the young people. Refreshments were served very nicely and the dance went on with enthusiasm until the pianist played the last number.

Saturday night the Princess held a model audience to see "Countess Coquetto," an agreeable change from the Ibsen plays of the two previous evenings. Madame Nazimova was charming as the wily and devoted Countess, who coquettes with her own husband to win him. Everyone seems to have been more than pleased with play and players.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas J. Lundy announce the engagement of their daughter, Pearl Catherine, to Mr. E. P. Clarkson, son of the late Capt. Charles J. P. Clarkson, of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Rorke, Madison ave., gave an afternoon bridge of eight tables on Thursday the eighteenth.

Mrs. Charles J. Currie (*nee* Patton), 175 College street, will receive for the first time since her marriage on Tuesday, February 23, afternoon and evening, and on each first Tuesday following.

A correspondent writes: A most enjoyable social event was the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Eaton at their pretty home in Oshawa on Friday of last week. Both host and hostess were untiring in their efforts to make the affair most pleasant, and the joviality of the host of young people that were present attested to their unqualified success. The house was artistically decorated, and the spacious verandahs enclosed and becomingly furnished, served as excellent quarters for the temporarily weary to find a respite amid enchanting surroundings. An orchestra from Toronto provided the music, contributing in no small measure to the success of the evening, and delicious refreshments were served after half of the programme, that to all present seemed only too short, had been danced. Among those present from out of town were the charming nieces of Mr. Eaton, Miss Iris Burnside and Miss Greta Burden, both of Toronto; the Misses Cook, Mrs. Paterson, Messrs. Karl Lawrence, Otto Zeigler, Gordon Shaver, H. J. MacLean, and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bishop, all of Toronto; Mr. Bob Rice of Montreal, and Miss Boynton of Rochester. The demands of conventionality rather than inclination, compelled the many dancers to finally desist, but only when the wee small hours of the morning were registered upon the dial of time.

Mrs. Bruce Riordan, who has been spending a very bright ten days with friends at Montreal, has returned home.

Dr. and Mrs. J. F. W. Ross entertained at dinner on Thursday evening.

L 'Alliance Francaise held a monthly meeting in the Art Galleries, Jarvis Street, on Saturday night, when one of the members gave a talk on Switzerland and Alpine climbing, which was greatly appreciated. A bit of supper and a little dance brought the evening to a close.

On Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 23, several entertainments will close the Ante-Lenten season, the most important *bien entendu*, being the Rose ball in the King Edward. Seldom has the close of the season seen, in its last eight days, three so beautiful festivities as the *bal costume* at Benvenuto, on the 16th, the fancy dress dance at Llawhaden on the 17th, and the Rose ball on Shrove Tuesday.

Looking back over the season of '08-'09 one remarks the decided note of greater luxury and finish, which has characterized the entertaining, and also the decline of the older set in the capacity of ball-goers. At many of the dances given in the King Edward and McConkey's this season, the guests were nearly all from the young set, which has carried a great social weight this year. When one remembers that the number of girls who made a formal *debut* last fall was just twice the number it was eight or ten years ago, and that many of the girls have wealth as well as youth and beauty to help things along, the importance of the young set is explained. Imagine sixty or seventy young girls, each with her little clique of admirers, beaux and indulgent relatives, and you have a vast crowd of people ready and willing to keep the ball rolling. For the past week out-door sports have helped to freshen up the paling roses in the cheeks of the debutantes who have been keeping up the pace for the past four months, and the girl in the tuque and sweater, with snowshoes slung over her shoulder, or toboggan trailing behind is to the fore, her obedient admirers following the tracks of her little mocassins up hill and down dale, and breathing in real Canadian health and vigor.

The first of the Trinity Lectures is on to-day at 3.30 the theme "Fools, Rogues and Vagabonds," leaves nothing to be desired in the way of possibilities.

Mrs. Le Grand Reid went west to Detroit last week, where she is the guest or her sister.

Mrs. Sands, of Cobourg, is visiting Mrs. Stephen Haas who is entertaining in her honor this week. Many Toronto people who are familiar with Cobourg are also glad to welcome and entertain Mrs. Sands.

Mr. George Bruenech has an exhibition of water colors now on in Kingston, which was opened on Thursday with much success.

The Ontario Society of Artists had their private view last evening in the Art Gallery, King Street West. The exhibition is now open to the public.

Seamy Side of Earthquake Relief.

THE earthquake in Italy has been a curious touchstone of human passions—the worst as well as the best, notes The Literary Digest. It has even stirred up deep political animosities. Many papers tell us that some of the rescuers showed more anxiety to disentangle the buried money than the buried men from the appalling ruins, and The London Standard reports that many grumbled over the relief they received. We are assured by a well-known English novelist, traveller, and journalist, Mr. William Le Queux, in a recent letter to The London Times, that the officials appointed to distribute international contributions to Italian earthquake victims invariably pocket the largest part of them "and that less than one-fifth ever reaches the victims. Deputies, employed by the Government, syndics, magistrates, and even the military officers have each to receive their share before the sufferers are reached."

This statement may have been partly true of previous earthquakes, as that in Calabria a few years ago, comments The Tribune (Rome), but even so it is exaggerated, and "the conclusion arrived at with regard to the earthquake at Messina is false, utterly false." This opinion is confirmed by The Minerva (Rome) which gives the highest praise to the way in which the Government officials have done their work. Thus we are told:

"Whatever may be said in other like cases, we have the pleasure on this occasion of recording that the Government, and the Prime Minister especially, have done all that could be done under like conditions. They have sent warships, soldiers of every branch in the army, guards and carbineers, doctors, nurses, provisions, tents, and medicines to the seat of the disaster. Could they do more?"

The well-known English writer, Mr. William Patterson, who witnessed all the horrors of the scene and the distribution of relief, writes in The Evening Standard (London) that throughout the whole of his journey to Reggio he could "record no action of an official" which he "could not have thoroughly indorsed."

Perhaps the most curious incident in the catastrophe is the political effect which it has produced in Austria, to judge from the press of Vienna. The correspondent of The Frankfurter Zeitung declares that the Austrian and Italian Relief Committees were so constantly at loggerheads that, as he sarcastically adds:

"We are giving them our money, we are sending them field-kitchens from our Life-Saving Corps. In this way we will show to Italy what sort of people we are. We are the true gentlemen."

56 Years' Growth in Merchandising

Superb New Silks The Centre of Attention

ALTHOUGH the first arrivals are the only lots here, the display surpasses all our former records in variety, number and beauty of styles and fabrics. One of the very popular groups is a collection of beautiful Foulard silks, which are entirely original in weave, coloring and printing; the colorings are all quite novel and effective. The new weaves in the raw silks are shown here in many styles and colorings. We will be very pleased to show you all the latest imported novelties.

Mail & Mail Toronto

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If you feel that "Grippe" feeling coming on don't wait "to see." Come right to Cook's Turkish Baths and stop it by nature's own process—perspiration.

You can come in here after office hours, have a pleasant, exhilarating Turkish Bath, a dainty supper, leave early for home, or stay all night, waking up the next morning feeling a new man.

Try it once, you will always cure your colds and Grippe at Cook's.

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Just received special importation of Exclusive Woolens, Moires and Silk Suitings.

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In unique designs for Spring Wear

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SAVE YOUR FACE

It is well worth while. Don't let your cheeks get rough or red, or your lips chapped, when you can so easily prevent it by using

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

It will keep your skin fresh and soft and beautiful in spite of winds and sun. 25 cents at your druggist's.

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YOU won't find us at the Automobile Show, but we are on the way—and we're "coming strong." Thomas Cars are not new to Canada—they have been giving satisfaction here, as in other parts of the world, for years.

Now, at last, we are in a position to come into the Canadian field, the way we have long been wanting to—with proper representation, and with our latest models on view in Toronto, and at your disposal whenever you want a demonstration.

This is the same "Thomas Flyer" that has been setting new marks in the way of world records for long-distance runs, including the "New York-to-Paris" and the "Denver-to-Chicago" runs—the same "Thomas Flyer" that, by unfailingly meeting every requirement of the men who have pinned their faith to it, has risen to a place which entitles it to the soubriquet

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ST. LAWRENCE ARENA
Toronto, February 18th to 25th, '09

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At this Exhibition will be shown moving pictures of all the important racing and sporting events of 1908.

Admission 50c. R. M. JAFFREY, Manager

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ROYAL ALEXANDRA
Week Beginning February 22
Mts. Thurs. and Sat.
Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.) Present
Canton & Co.

A stirring drama of Chicago business and social life, written by J. Hartley Manners, from Arthur J. Eddy's story of the same name.

Interpreted by a Strong Cast of Broadway Players, including
GEORGE FAWCETT

PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
SEATS NOW ON SALE.

THE DRAMA

(*Continued from page 14.*)

obliged to get to Chicago in time for the Sunday-night opening of their engagement, there will be no performances on Saturday in this city. Instead a special matinee will be given on Friday, as well as the usual Friday night performance, which will end their engagement here.

* * *

"Ganton & Co.," the dramatization of Arthur J. Eddy's book of the same name, which is to be the offering at the Royal Alexandra next week, belongs to the class of productions known as "muck-raking" plays. It deals with American business methods as its main theme, and the central figure, John Ganton, who is said to have been modeled on the late Philip D. Armour, is represented as the czar of the world's meat-packing industry. This role is played by Mr. George Fawcett, who has only lately returned from London. The story has to do with the love affair of John Ganton's eldest son and the daughter of a hated business rival. The old man is in violent opposition to the match, but under stress of circumstances finally yields his consent. The entire play is a character study—the various incidents contributing to an exposition of John Ganton's code of business ethics. In preparing this story for the stage Mr. J. Hartley Manners, who has done the transplanting, has taken many liberties with the book, notably the interpolation of a happy ending. The cast in addition to Mr. Fawcett includes: Mr. A. H. Van Buren, Mr. Jack Webster, Mr. Edward Emery, Mr. Frederick Burton, Mr. Lucius Henderson, Mr. W. H. Sadler, Mr. George Morgan, Mr. Frederick Mollerton, Mr. Jack Barnes, Mr. R. A. Bresee, Mr. Jack Leslie, Miss Laurette Taylor, Miss Jane Peyton, Miss Mary Cecil, Miss Malvena Longfellow and Miss Edith French.

* * *

Bessie Wynn, the comedienne, will head the vaudeville bill at Shea's next week. The special feature, however, will be Buster Brown and his dog Tige, two great favorites with the youngsters. In view of this, Louis Merkel, who is playing Buster, will hold a reception on the stage immediately after the moving pictures at each afternoon performance. Other acts on the bill are The Trapnell Sisters, Snyder and Buckley, Johnnie Johns and the Sutcliffe Troupe.

* * *

The Vanity Fair Company will hold sway at the Gayety Theatre this coming week. This entertainment consists of two travesties. "The Follies of a Night" and "An Afternoon at a Vaudeville Show." The company includes Billie Ritchie, Dick McAllister, Mlle. Ani Hill, Sadie Duff, and a chorus of twenty-five.

* * *

"The Girls of Gottenberg," a success of the Gayety Theatre, London, is billed for the Princess for the week beginning March 1st. This play, after its London run, held the boards at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, for four months. The music and lyrics of this comedy are said to be exceptionally good.

* * *

"The Merry Widow" has now been played in thirteen different languages, and over 18,000 times. While statistics of the profits on the production have not been published, it is known that the Viennese publisher of the music alone has netted between $300,000 and $350,000. So popular was the play in Germany that it has been successfully produced in 422 towns.

FIRST-NIGHTER.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

WATSON—At 161 Jameson avenue, Toronto, on Saturday, February 13th, 1909, the wife of G. F. Watson, of a son.

M'LEOD—In Toronto, on Monday, Feb. 8, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. N. L. McLeod, a son.

PARMENTER—On Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1909, at 27 Prince Arthur avenue, Toronto, the wife of Reginald H. Parmenter, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

FISHER-McLEOD—At the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. Norman McLeod, 104 Lippincott street, Toronto, Feb. 17, 1909, by Rev. Alex. Gilray, D.D., Archibald J. Fisher to Flora Stevens McLeod.

McRUER-BULLOCK—At Brampton, on Feb. 16, 1909, by Rev. Wm. Walsh, J. McIntyre McRuer, M.D., to Edythe Norma Bullock.

DEATHS.

BAYNE—At the residence of his sister, Mrs. Laird, 256 Brunswick avenue, Toronto, on Saturday the 13th February, 1909, Thomas Mackenzie Bayne, manager of the Walker House, Toronto, in his 67th year.

CROSBY—In Fenbridge, on Tuesday, February 16, 1909, Ira G. Crosby, in the 77th year of his age.

HEASLIP—At Cannanoque, Feb. 13, 1909, Jeanette Willcox, relict of the late Philip Heaslip.

IRVINE—At Brampton, on Tuesday, February 16, 1909, Isabel Walker Heggie beloved wife of Christopher A. Irvine and only daughter of David Heggie, M.D.

KELLEY—At her late residence, 83 Withrow avenue, Toronto, on Wednesday, Feb. 17, 1909, Catherine Margaret Clement, beloved wife of Robert Kelley.

BILLINGHURST—In Toronto, Tuesday, February 16, Catharine, widow of the late Alfred Billinghurst.

Reputation

Perhaps one person in ten really understands the purchase of a piano.

That person best appreciates the GERHARD-HEINTZMAN, because of all good pianos its quality is most evident.

But it is the convincing, unquestioned *reputation* of the

GERHARD-HEINTZMAN
Canada's Most Artistic Piano

that is the guide of hundreds to this truly great instrument.

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Easy terms of purchase can be arranged.
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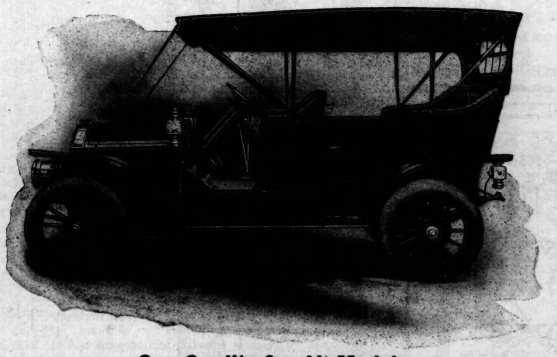

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The Model 9 F Stoddard-Dayton

is just the car you would like to drive—a car giving the service of a $5,000 car and costing $1,700 less, besides saving money in upkeep expenses.

45 h. p., four cylinders cast in pairs, selective type transmission, three speeds forward and reverse, fitted with oil and gas lamps, Presto-Lite gas tank, horn and tool equipment. Seats 7 passengers.

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CASTLE BRAND
Same W. G. & R. Collar suits every taste and occasion. Quarter sizes.
OF BERLIN

"'Is fine, full, perfect, that I taste."
Shakespeare (Troilus & Cressida)

PURE
MELLOW
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SANDY MACDONALD
SPECIAL LIQUEUR
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INVESTIGATE—Quality will do the rest.

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This is the first type of rim and pneumatic tire combination designed for Automobiles. The tire is applied by stretching over the rim. It is retained in place by staybolts. Although the "solid type clincher" is being gradually superseded by tires more easily applied and removed, especially in the United States, it is still largely used. There are two general sizes for clincher tires—the Millimeter as adopted by European Automobile makers—and the Inch or Standard American sizes, as adopted on this continent.

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Do not associate the name Dunlop with one type of tire only. The Dunlop Company makes "Solid Type Clincher" Tires in both millimeter and inch sizes. Dunlop Automobile Tires are made to fit every type of solid, detachable, universal or quick detachable rim equipped to any car in use in Canada.

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Remember.

Whether naturally perfect or not, your teeth require daily care, and will well repay the regular use of

Calvert's
Carbolic Tooth Powder.

15 cts., at your druggists. For trial sample send 2 ct. stamp to F. C. CALVERT & Co., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

APARTMENT TO RENT.
$80. Housekeeping. Parlor, Dining-Room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, and maid's room with bath, on 2nd floor. South and west aspect. Apply Manager, The Alexandra, Queen's Park Avenue.

Society at the Capital

PRIOR to the departure of many bright young girls whose presence in the Capital for the past few weeks has added so much to the pleasure of the "younger set," two popular young bachelors, Mr. Montague Bate and Mr. Pat Edwards, showed their appreciation of the bright moments passed in their society, by entertaining them at a most charmingly arranged dinner at the Golf Club. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. George Patterson, and those from out of town who were present were: Miss Muriel Jarvis, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Sylvester, Miss Olive Mills, Miss Norah Gwynne, Miss Hazel Kemp, of Toronto; Miss Gladys Grant, Miss Naomi Winslow, Miss Dorothy Vaughan, Miss Kingman, of Montreal; Miss Daisy Coates, of New York; Miss Cramer, of Troy, N.Y.; Miss Marjorie Graham, of Halifax; Miss Murray, of Scotland; and Miss Enid Hendrie, of Hamilton. Others who made up the merry party were Miss Pansy Mills, Miss Ethel Perley, Miss Irene Bate, Miss Gladys Carling, Miss Louie Douglas, Miss Hilda Murphy, Miss Elinor Girouard, Mr. John Thompson, Mr. Rob. Greene, Mr. Veits, Mr. Fleck; Mr. Collier, Mr. Harold McDougall, Mr. Charles Panet, Mr. Harry Christie, Mr. A. Lemesurier, Mr. Cavendish Venn, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Dick McGee and Mr. Allan Keefer.

The table decorations were unique and very attractive, being carried out entirely in Japanese effect. Multicolored lanterns covered the electric lights, Japanese designs were artistically painted on the menu and place cards, the dessert dishes bore on them miniature fans and umbrellas, the ordinary table napkins were replaced by the paper articles peculiar to Japan, and in the centre of the table, instead of the usual floral arrangement, stood a golden Japanese image which was particularly effective. To add to the general Oriental effect, fragrant joss-sticks were kept burning during the progress of the dinner, and each guest received as a favor a small Japanese toy, which will serve to remind them of one of the pleasantest events during the season of 1908-9. A short dance after dinner was indulged in to the charming strains of a good orchestra.

THE early days of the week were much enlivened by the presence in town of the "Merry Widow" Company, and besides thoroughly enjoying their appearance on Monday and Tuesday at the Russell Theatre, when many box parties were in order, a favored few had the pleasure of meeting several of the members of the company socially. Mrs. Fred Booth was the hostess of one of the many box parties on Monday evening, and it included Mr. and Miss Haycock, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Lily McGee. Mr. Howard Hutchison, Miss Kathleen Ewart, Mr. Charles Panet and Dr. Caskey. Later they were joined at supper at the Russell Cafe by Mrs. George Bryson, Miss Pansy Mills, Miss Coutlee, Miss Hope Wurtele, Miss Rankin (of St. John, N.B.), Mr. Charles McGee, Mr. Dick McGee and the leading members of the Merry Widow Company, including Miss Abarbanell, Miss Sigman, Mr. Charles Meakins and Mr. Barrett.

The two latter were the guests while in town of Mr. and Mrs. George Bryson, and on Monday afternoon their hostess entertained in their honor at the tea-hour, when about twenty young people thoroughly enjoyed chatting with them as well as hearing Mr. Barrett's beautiful voice in several charming songs during the afternoon.

LUNCHEONS were not quite so frequent last week, as has been the rule since the start of the session, but several very *recherché* ones were among the pleasant events of midweek. On Wednesday Mrs. W. G. Perley entertained twelve married ladies in this very acceptable manner, her guests including Mrs. Nesbitt Kirchhoffer, Mrs. McKeen, of Halifax, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. A. W. Fleck, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. Duff, Mrs. J. F. Kydd, Mrs. Robert Gill and Mrs. G. H. Perley.

Mrs. Drummond Hogg selected the same day on which to entertain in honor of her niece, Mrs. A. W. McDougall, of Alexandria. Those who came to meet this charming visitor were Mrs. Allan B. Aylesworth, Mrs. Gemmill, Mrs. F. W. Avery, Mrs. T. Cameron Bate, Mrs. J. J. Codville, Mrs. Fred Carling, Lady Taschereau, Mrs. John Hodgins, Mrs. G. Patterson Murphy and Miss Blackburn. Mrs. M. P. Davis on the following day was the hostess of a particularly charming luncheon when the table was a perfect picture done in jonquils, violets and feathery ferns, and each guest found a generous *boutonniere* of the latter fragrant blossoms placed specially for her beside her plate at table. Those who enjoyed this dainty repast were Lady Taschereau, Mrs. G. Patterson Murphy, Mrs. Masson, Mrs. Arthur Brophy, Mrs. W. H. Davis and Miss Kitty Haycock.

MRS. THOMAS AHEARN gave a large farewell reception on Wednesday afternoon prior to her departure on the following day to join her husband and daughter, who have for some weeks past been at Coronado Beach, California. The decorations in the dining-room were carried out in yellow, with jonquils as the reigning blossom, while in the music-room, where Mrs. H. A. Bate cut the ices, crimson carnations were the chosen flowers and a very handsome Oriental lace table cover over crimson satin called forth expressions of admiration. Carnations also abounded in the drawing-room, where Mrs. Ahearn received, handsomely gowned in grey silk embroidered in delicate shades of violet. Mrs. Harcourt poured tea, and a bevy of pretty girls assisted, including Miss Norah Lewis, Miss Dorothy White, the Misses Haycock, Miss Claudia Bate and Miss Katherine Moore. Miss Rose Fleck accompanied Mrs. Ahearn to California and the party expect to remain in that delightful and balmy climate until the cessation of the cold weather here.

MRS. EDWARD FAUQUIER combined a tea and bridge party on Tuesday in honor of her visitor and sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, of Toronto, which was made up of about forty ladies. The victorious players in the early afternoon were Mrs. Smellie, Mrs. F. Machnachten, and Miss Mary Scott.

The pretty jonquil adorned tea table was presided over by Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, and Miss Elsie Cotton, and glorious American Beauties nodded from tall crystal vases in the drawing-room.

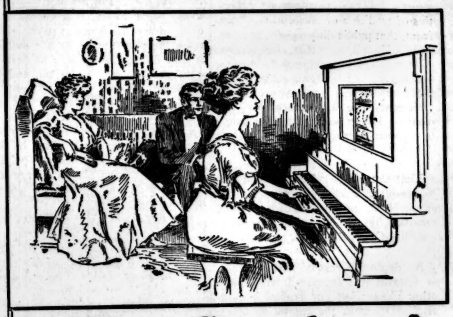
Mrs. N. B. Northrup also contributed a very interesting bridge party of eight tables on Friday afternoon, at which Mrs. Mandeville Merritt, of Toronto, was the bright, particular guest. The prizes were won by Mrs. Aldous, of Winnipeg and Miss Doutre.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Feb. 15, 1909.

There are more pianos in America than on the whole continent of Europe. But—
There is here less ability to play than in a single country abroad!

THIS is significant. Our inborn love and desire for music have moved us to the purchase of musical instruments. Our lack of time, as a nation, to master the *technique* of the keyboard, has forced these instruments, which *should be* satisfying our longings, into the background of silence.



Are You a lover of music?
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Then, you should acquaint yourself with the infinite possibilities of

The Gourlay-Angelus
The Piano *anyone* can Play *Artistically*

THIS wonderful instrument is rapidly changing the musical conditions outlined above. In it will be found the complete and *immediate* gratification of all musical desires.

Technique—the one stumbling block in the way of universal ability to play—is at once supplied, complete and perfect, by the Gourlay-Angelus.

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The average man needs a motor carriage for business reasons.
—Because it will save him time
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To the average man, the high wheel, Solid Rubber Tire Motor Carriage is a necessity, not a luxury.

Of course, the delightful rides he can enjoy—the pleasure of the evening spins and holiday runs—are just that much extra profit.

The average man—the Doctor, Lawyer, Business Man generally—does not need a $5,000 touring car. On the same principle that the average man could use a road horse, yet would have no use for a 2 minute trotter.

The average man does need a Motor Carriage that costs no more than a good horse and buggy, and costs less to keep.

The Tudhope-McIntyre $550 Model H H is this low-priced, high-class motor carriage.

This $550 Motor Carriage will go anywhere where you can drive a horse, and a good many places where a horse couldn't pull a buggy. It will go where the ordinary automobiles cannot travel. The Tudhope-McIntyre Model H H is never "stuck."

—Because its 12 horse power engine will carry it nicely up the steepest, stoniest, muddiest, sandiest road in Canada.

—Because it is a high wheel, rubber tired carriage with solid rubber tires, which stones, nails and glass can't puncture. We guarantee these tires, just as we guarantee every other part of this $550 Motor Carriage

—Because the high wheels, solid tires, light weight and chain drive "will get you there and back."

Then there's the Chapman Double Ball Bearing Axle that we guarantee to run for a year on one oiling. Talk about luxuries! No trouble with punctured tires and axles that need oiling only once in a year. Aren't these luxuries for the man who must be his own chauffer?

Tudhope-McIntyre Model H H runs at an average speed of from 8 to 15 miles an hour, although some men drive it at 25 miles an hour — two minute gait—and others prefer to jog along about 3 miles an hour. You can do any, or all, on the same gear.

Two speeds forward and one reverse.

The average cost of running this $550 Motor Carriage is one gallon of Gasoline for from 25 to 30 miles of travel.

Moreover, we guarantee every Tudhope-McIntyre Vehicle from top to bottom and end to end, to be free of imperfections in materials, and will replace any defective parts free of charge.

Tudhope-McIntyre Family Surrey
$800.00 Complete with solid rubber tires, Chapman Double Ball Bearing Axles, Horn, Wheel Steer & 3 Lamps.

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and others, who can handle a reasonable number of these cars, should write us at once for terms and open territory.

We make 15 models from the Motor Buggy at $550 to a 9 passenger Pleasure Wagon at $1000. Our line embraces Stanhopes, Traps, 2 and 4 passenger Roadsters and Surreys.

Tudhope-McIntyre Delivery Wagon
$1125.00 Complete with solid rubber tires, Chapman Double Ball Bearing Axles, Horn, Wheel Steer & 3 Lamps.

Designed especially for retail stores. Will make more deliveries and carry heavier loads at less cost, than a two-horse team.

Then, there's the prestige of having "an automobile delivery"—the good advertising—and the reputation it gives a store for being progressive.

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What Canadian Editors are Saying

SOON will the rich rocks of Gowganda yield up their silver wealth. Soon will this camp be converted into a bustling hive of population. Soon will Gowganda stock be on the market. And soon will the Wild Cat appear.

This alluring creature has a particular penchant for New Ontario. It has been caressed and fondled by many, and in return has bitten the hand that fed it. The prospector who seeks a "bubble reputation" is not yet extinct, and is the fond nourisher of the Wild Cat.

Cobalt has had its day of Wild Cats, and only by the veriest chance can Gowganda escape. They will doubtless swarm about that El Dorado as flies about molasses. They are calculated to keep things even in the market, and are also calculated to shake an incredulous public's confidence in the Simon pure mining investments.—Sudbury Daily Star.

* * *

The authors of an American play are suing Arthur Stringer for $100,000 libel for saying that the play was based on his book, "The Silver Poppy." One of the aggrieved men declares that he never read one of Mr. Stringer's books, and never heard of them. Isn't such a declaration worse than libel?—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

* * *

Some young men in Spokane, Wash., are writing to Canada for wives. But there are many young men in the Canadian West equally lonely and desolate who should have first consideration. Still it is apt to be a case of first come first served. Hymen recognizes no international boundary line.—St. Johns News.

* * *

Time was when the average public dinner did not really begin until eight-thirty or nine o'clock and the subsequent speech-making did not conclude until far into the following morning. This entailed in Canada the undue upsetting of the routine, the temper and the digestive organs of the ordinary guest accustomed to partake his evening meal about half past six.

The lateness at which public dinners were begun only a few years ago and the necessary prolongation of the session far into the night in order that the programme of toasts and speeches should be carried out frequently meant deprivation of sleep, etc., to an extent that affected mental and physical capacity of the guests for work next day.

In late years the hour at which public dinners are served is becoming earlier, the toast lists more restricted and long speeches less tolerantly received.

It would seem that in busy Winnipeg, as the metropolis of the young west which has not the same difficulties of tradition or convention to confront, that public dinners would be announced and served at, say, seven o'clock. The speeches could then be concluded by midnight at least and the comfort and necessities of the strenuous life of a work-a-day yet pleasure loving social situation would be reasonably recognized.—Winnipeg Telegram.

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That Canada is getting to be a real big country is also suggested by the twenty-four applications for divorce received by the Senate—a worst on record.—Ottawa Journal.

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No doubt the cost of living is high in Ottawa as compared with some other places; but one reason it costs civil servants at the capital so much to live is they have so much spare time on their hands.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

In Parting With Friends.

IF thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How can'st thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months, and months to lagging years
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting at best is underlaid with tears and pain,
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time or distance, clasp with pressure firm
The hand of him who goeth forth,
Unseen, Fate goeth, too;
Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk.
Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.

—Coventry Patmore.

Another Captain Plum Story.

THE story goes that when James Oliver Curwood was writing "The Courage of Captain Plum" he became apprehensive lest he might be treading on a good many people's toes. The central character in his story is James Jesse Strang, the King of the Mormon colony that once ruled a large part of Michigan. Now Strang had six wives, and Mr. Curwood naturally began to fear that a small army of his descendants might swarm down upon the poor author at any moment if they didn't like the way he described the King and his wives and his domestic troubles. He thought he would look around a bit to see just what sort of proposition he might be up against, and, of course, during this investigation the fact that he was writing a novel in which the polygamous King Strang played a large part became more or less known among his progeny.

One day, as Mr. Curwood was hard at work on one of the last chapters, a stranger was announced. Mr. Curwood fairly jumped out of his shoes when he announced that he was a son of the old Mormon monarch.

"I know that you are writing a book about him," he said, "and I want to read it."

Mr. Curwood could do nothing but pass over the manuscript, and for an hour the stranger was deeply absorbed, while the anxious author sat in silent expectancy, with an eye on the door, and prepared to make a dash for it if necessary.

Finally the visitor said:

"I will give you $10,000 if you will give me this manuscript and sign an agreement not to write anything more about King Strang."

Curwood gasped in his astonishment. Then he shoved out his hand, cried, "Done!" and showed him pen and ink. Ten minutes later the stranger was gone, and the novelist held a check for $10,000 in his hand.

As it was Sunday it was impossible to get the check cashed. That evening Mr. Curwood received a package. It was his manuscript. And with it was a note, signed by half a dozen friends, to this brief purport: "Stung! The suppers are on you." They lighted their cigars with the worthless check.

"In short, sir, we go in far too little for what Matthew Arnold calls sweetness and light." "I don't see that—Sugar and Oil are the two biggest trusts we support."—Life.

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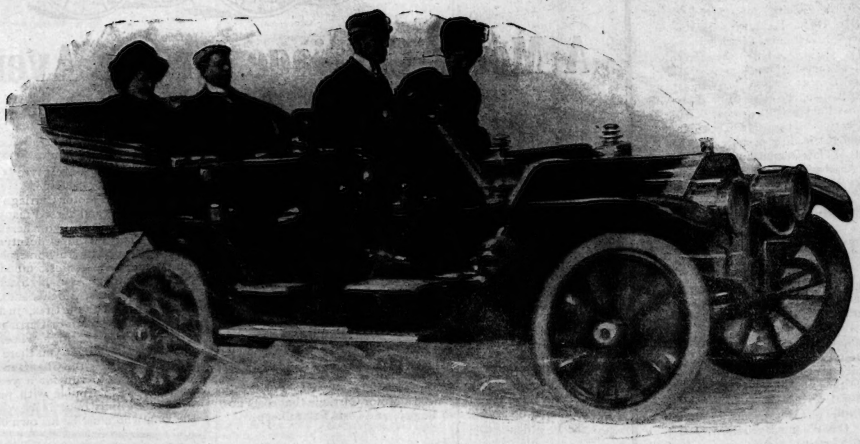

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